

STATE EXPRESS

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The People.

SPECIAL EDITION.

No. 2,177.

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LONDON, SUNDAY, JULY 8, 1923.

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Two Pence.

Remember always
OK
SAUCE
is The Real Thing
Family Bottle Now 5d.

NATION BASTING IN THE SUN.

FIERCE HEAT AND BIG STORMS.

THERMOMETER'S HIGHEST JUMP OF THE YEAR.

GREAT SPORT CARNIVAL.

FIELD AND FACTORY WORKERS HELD UP BY SWELTERING CONDITIONS.

Under a blazing sun, which caused most of the country to smelter in semi-tropical heat, the curtain was rung down yesterday on one of the greatest sporting weeks of the year.

While Wimbledon and Henley were both brilliant—almost uncomfortable—with a temperature of 86 in the shade, violent thunderstorms swept over other districts, but the heat in no way abated.

The Diamond Sculls were secured at Henley by Morris, who beat Gollan by a length. Johnston, the brilliant American player, vanquished Hunter at Wimbledon in the final of the men's singles, while four A.A.A. records were broken at Stamford Bridge.

THERE was no real grumble anywhere at the climatic upward move of the mercury yesterday, though the rise in temperature through three degrees of comparison and 7 of the thermometer was accomplished so rapidly that meteorological experts were taken by surprise.

A precise idea of the rate at which the mercury climbed in London—to the discomfort of the Air Ministry prediction of "cooler weather"—and a comparison with the records of the previous day, is given by the following table of temperatures recorded by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra:—

	Yesterday.	Friday.
Shade.	Sun.	Shade.
9 a.m.	77	70
10 a.m.	81	74
11 a.m.	83	78
Noon	85	80
1 p.m.	86	82

At Kew at one o'clock the shade temperature was 86, while in the sun the mercury stood at 136!

By one o'clock, however, the working portion of the day was over, and the city myriads were melting rapidly from the oven-warm streets to the playing-fields, the river, or the stadium.

Peculiarly intense phases of the heat-wave were recorded from widely separated parts of the country. Bisleigh recorded a temperature of 90 degrees as early as 9 a.m., while Carlisle attained a local record with 87 degrees in the shade.

Reports in the South and East had a glorious day of sun:

County	Temperature	County	Temperature
Cromer	82	Worcester	82
Yarmouth	82	Worcester	82
Lowestoft	82	Worcester	82
Folkestone	82	Worcester	82
Wilton	82	Worcester	82
Claremont	82	Worcester	82
Southend	82	Worcester	82

VIOLENT STORMS.

HOUSES DAMAGED DURING TERRIFIC DOWNPOUR.

In many localities the heat wave broke in violent thunderstorms.

Violent thunderstorms accompanied by a torrential downpour were experienced in South-West Wales, while at Birmingham and in many parts of Scotland cricket was stopped by heavy rains.

Rhonda miners proceeding to their work from the Pontypridd area were held up at Hafod, the tramcars being blocked by debris washed down by the heavy rain.

Lightning ripped the slates from the roof of the Moorland Hotel, Haytor, Devon, and here away the lightning conductor, bringing away a portion of the building, during a heavy thunderstorm.

A fireball exploded in the clock chamber of Dunsford Church, near Exeter, during a violent storm, much damage being done to the tower. It is expected that the bells will be out of action for some days.

Lightning tore away the corner of a chimney on the Trevellan Hotel, Barnstaple, the chimney top being sent crashing into a bedroom below, fortunately without causing any casualties.

A house at Barmouth was struck by lightning. Part of the roof was

torn away, the chimney being flung to a considerable distance, while several pictures were torn to pieces.

RESORTS REJOICE.

A signal porter named Owen Jones, employed by the Great Western Railway at Dyffryn, fainted when his instruments were smashed by lightning. Pleasure resorts, however, were "booming" under the stimulus of the sun.

Scarborough, where the heat was tempered by a south-east breeze, experienced the heaviest holiday invasion this year, a dozen relief trains being added to the ordinary traffic apart from excursion trains.

South-East and South Coast resorts are being crowded to the water's edge—and further—by the constant "incursions" of visitors.

Early-morning bathers were thick along the reaches of the Thames, intent on beginning the day with a before-breakfast "cooler."

HEAT VICTIMS.

WORKERS WHO WERE COMPELLED TO GIVE UP.

Fatalities and minor casualties due to the heat were reported from various parts of the country yesterday.

Mr. Reginald Blackwell, aged 72, of Hanover-st., Waco, Bath, found lying unconscious at Box, a village near Bath, died from sunstroke early yesterday morning.

James Perkins, a farm labourer, of Sutton, near Tenbury, Worcs., was overcome by the heat while loading hay and fell from a wagon, sustaining injuries from which he died.

Haymaking and strawberry picking were held up in South Lincoln, where the temperature reached 90 degrees in the shade.

Excessive heat stopped operations at the Western Tinplate Works, Llanelli, work being partially resumed some hours later.

Verdicts of death due to heat were returned at inquests held at Nunceaton yesterday on William Frank Dalton, aged 62, farm labourer, who collapsed while walking home from a hay-field, and Albert Ellis Chambers, aged 56, who fell dead while making a presentation to the secretary of the firm for which he worked.

It was stated in the case of Dalton that his temperature, due to sunstroke, was 107.

At Kettering the heat was so intense that Bull, of the Northamptonshire eleven, had to retire from the field of play.

Pontardawe Steel Works in the Swansea Valley closed down for the week-end owing to the intense heat, which was a record for the district this year.

Charles Tomlinson, aged 32, a quarryman, of Chatham, lies in hospital in a critical condition owing to the explosion by the excessive heat of a canister containing 16 lb. of blasting powder.

A 13-year-old girl, Dolly Roabuck, of Ashat, Grove Town, Pontefract, was badly injured through contact with an overhead tram wire torn down in the middle of the market-place by a flash of lightning.



The depression to the north-west of Ireland is moving slowly north and winds will be southerly to south-westerly over the British Isles. The weather will be fair apart from local thunderstorms and rather less warm in the South and West, particularly near the coast. The further outlook is mainly fair and warm.



Trinity College, (furthest from the camera), coming home the winners in the final of the Ladies' Challenge Plate yesterday at Henley, where ideal summer weather added to the enjoyment of the premier riverside carnival of the year.

DRAMATIC SCENE AT INQUEST.

CLAIM TO A BODY.

MAN AND "WIFE" WHO WERE KILLED.

There was a dramatic incident yesterday, when the inquest on the bodies of the victims of the Diggle railway disaster was opened at Diggle.

Evidence of identification was being given when a Mrs. Kyezor came forward and claimed that the dead man was her husband, with whom she had not lived for 25 years.

She said she knew he was living with the woman passenger who was killed, and she supposed he and the dead woman spelt the name Kyezor by agreement.

She had heard from him every week when he posted her remittance from various towns.

A registered envelope, produced by the coroner, was his last communication, received on the morning of the accident.

They were married in 1892, and there were four children, of whom three were now alive.

John Slater Harrison said the dead

man was his wife's sister, and he understood she was the legal wife of the dead man.

The inquest was adjourned until July 24.

The Government inquiry will open at Diggle station to-morrow morning.

AFTER EIGHT YEARS.

AN EPIC MARCH IN THE DREARY ANTARCTIC.

After an interval of eight years, four men who were members of Sir A. Shackleton's Antarctic expedition have been awarded the Albert Medal for gallantry in saving life.

They are: Ernest E. M. Joyce, ex-Petty Officer, R.N.; William Raymond Richards, Victor G. Hayward (dead) and Petty Officer Harry E. Wild, R.N. (dead).

During a blizzard, the Aurora, which was carrying food supplies for the chain of depots which it was necessary to arrange, was blown out to sea, and a party of nine members of the expedition were left stranded on the shore.

A party consisting of the four men named and several others made an adventurous and perilous journey to their support, covering 850 miles in 162 days. One man had to be dragged on a sledge by hand for 42 days, and died when only 19 miles remained to be covered.

LIBERAL REUNION.

NEW MOVE BY UNOFFICIAL MEMBERS.

A new movement towards Liberal reunion is on foot, writes our Parliamentary correspondent, engineered strictly by the unofficial members of the two wings of the party. No salaried official is to be connected with it. It would almost appear that in its initial stages at all events it can count on the support of at least fifty members. The preliminary discussions are in progress.

CHARABANC IN RAVINE.

Seven persons were killed and more than twenty injured yesterday near Tlemcen, Algiers, says Reuter, when a motor-charabanc overturned and fell into a ravine.

'PLANE FIRES A HOUSE.

TWO AIRMEN BURNT TO DEATH.

CRASH ON TO ROOF.

BUILDING GUTTED.

A de Havilland aeroplane from Kenley Aerodrome, with two Air Force officers, crashed into the roof of a house in First-lane, between Purley and Kenley, yesterday, setting fire to the house, which was gutted.

The occupants of the aeroplane, whose names are given below, were burnt to death.

Pilot: Flying Officer M. G. L. Trapagni-Leroy.

Passenger: Flying Officer E. W. Logsdail.

The machine was seen suddenly to burst into flames and fall, crashing on the roof of the house, tenanted by Mr. Collinson.

At the time Mr. Collinson was alone in the house. He escaped hurt. One eye-witness said that the engine cut out when the machine was over the Brighton road, one mile from where it crashed, and as it was flying rather low, it was impossible for the pilot to gain the aerodrome at the top of the hill.

100 GALLONS OF PETROL.

Couldon and Purley fire brigade were on the scene within ten minutes of the accident, but the house was gutted.

The ill-fated aeroplane was a D.H.9a. The flight was an instructional one, and the cause of the accident is at present obscure.

Something like one hundred gallons of petrol were being carried on the aeroplane.

The condition of the two officers was terrible. It was impossible for them to extricate themselves from the machine, and in a few minutes they were burnt to death.

An extremely popular officer and one of the finest pilots in the Force, Flying Officer Leroy took part in the team race for Kenley at Hendon Pageant a week ago. Flying Officer Logsdail was a Reserve Officer, who had gone to the aerodrome for instruction.

GOVERNMENT'S ASSETS.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S STRONG SUPPORTER.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain spoke at a gathering of Birmingham Unionists yesterday as a strong supporter of the Government, of which he is not a member.

The Government, he said, was stronger now than when the session began. It had two great assets. One of these was the Prime Minister, whose character lent personal weight to the Government, and to whose credit stood the American debt settlement and the courageous Budget.

It might have been better for the world if America had agreed with us to wipe out all international obligations, but as she did not our duty was to honour the bond.

He would not be deterred by common family feeling from mentioning that the Government's other great asset was the Minister of Health.

RANDIT'S BIG BAG.

Hong Kong, Saturday. Randits have held up a passenger train on the Canton-Kowloon Railway 15 miles from Canton. One Chinese military officer and one soldier were killed.

About 50 better-class Chinese were kidnapped, and are being held to ransom. Booty amounting to 50,000 dollars

2 A.M. RETURN OF VICAR.

COLLAPSED ON REACHING HOME.

PENNYLESS & HUNGRY.

WHERE HE SLEPT.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

Woodford, Essex, Saturday.

AFTER being missing for nine days, the Rev. E. C. E. Wheeler, vicar of St. Barnabas, Woodford, Essex, returned to his home to-day even more dramatically than he disappeared.

Accustomed to mild sensations as are the residents of the district, it is no exaggeration to say that they were startled by the latest turn in this remarkable drama of the countryside.

The vicar's homecoming was described simply but graphically to me by his sister, Miss Wheeler.

"Just before two o'clock this morning," she said, "we were awakened by the ringing of the night bell, and on going down we were

delighted to see my brother standing at the door. He looked weary, and his clothes and boots were covered with dust. He appeared to be completely done up and collapsed on entering the hall. We put him to bed."

"There is not the slightest doubt that he has been suffering from loss of memory and appears to have been wandering about. We have not worried him with unnecessary questions, but until he is able to tell us, we cannot say where he has been or what he has been doing during the past nine days."

GONE AWAY FOR REST.

Further light on the vicar's wanderings was shed by his brother, the Rev. A. J. R. Wheeler, vicar of Welcombe, in Devon, who readily discussed the affair with me.

"My brother has gone away for a rest," he declared.

"We do not intend to disclose the name of the place to which he has gone, because he cannot do with being worried."

"He is in a condition which I should describe as mentally fogged, and badly needs a complete rest."

"He had a nervous breakdown last Wednesday week, and has been wandering all over the place, staying at little lodgings. He does not remember where."

"He says he felt an irresistible impulse to go away and simply obeyed it. He appears to have read accounts of his disappearance, but not to have realised their significance. He regarded them from quite a detached point of view."

"His money was done when he reached home, and although he recognised us he could not give any detailed account of his wanderings—not that we troubled him, for we know what an ordeal he has undergone."

(Continued in Page 2.)

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 Years' Experience an Appliance has been invented for Men, Women, and Children that cures Rupture.

Sent on Trial.



If you have tried most everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief where all others fail. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no ties. We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on the file in our office. Fill in the Free Coupon below and post to-day.

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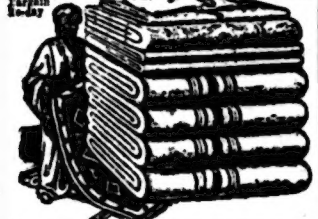
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WE BELIEVE the "ANDREW" bedding is the best in the world, and we are sure that you will find it so. It is made of the finest quality of cotton and is guaranteed to last for many years. It is the best bedding in the world, and we are sure that you will find it so.

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THE LETTERS OF LITTLEHAMPTON.

SUMMONS AGAINST MISS EDITH SWANN.

Wednesday will see another development in the Littlehampton libelous letters mystery. Miss Edith Emily Swann, of Littlehampton, has been summoned to appear before the magistrates at Arundel on a summons alleging that she attempted to send a postal packet containing obscene and abusive words addressed to "The Sanitary Inspector, Town Offices, local," on June 24 last.

Miss Swann, who is about 30 years of age, was charged at the instance of the Public Prosecutor in the autumn of 1921 with "writing and publishing a false, scandalous, and defamatory libel" concerning Mrs. Violet Lily May, wife of a policeman, who lives in Western-rd., Littlehampton, next door to the house occupied by Miss Swann and her parents. She was acquitted by the jury at the Assize Court.

Previously to this there were two charges of publishing a criminal libel brought against Mrs. Rose Emma Gooding, a neighbour. Mrs. Gooding was convicted on each occasion. In 1920 she was given ten days' detention. On the second occasion, in 1921, Mrs. Gooding received a sentence of 12 months. But this sentence she never finished. When the case came up on appeal Mr. Traversa Humphreys, counsel for the Crown, declared that important facts had been discovered which established Mrs. Gooding's innocence. The Crown compensated her by paying her £200.



Miss Swann.

DOUBLE DEATH DRAMA TO STRAINS OF JAZZ ON FAMOUS LINER.

"WANTED" MAN WHO THOUGHT HE WAS BEING FOLLOWED.

Mistaken identity led to a drama on the White Star liner Baltic, which ended in murder and suicide.

Egidio Amabile (32), an Italian, travelling to England for a holiday, through the heart and then committed. Both men were third-class passengers. The tragedy occurred on deck, and was witnessed by a large number of British passengers. At the time a jazz party was enjoying itself to the strains of a banjo.

It was stated, on the arrival of the liner in Liverpool, that when the Italian embarked at New York he seemed very excited. It appears that he was a member of a boot-legging gang in New York and was wanted by the police.

Amabile told a man named Kavanagh, who shared the same bunk on the Baltic, that he was going to Naples, where his father was dangerously ill.

At one o'clock in the morning Kavanagh was awakened from his sleep by seeing the Italian get up, dress, and shave, and go up on to the top deck. When he returned about an hour later he remarked, "The breeze has been delightful."

Kavanagh went up on deck about four o'clock, and was shortly after joined by the Italian. They talked for some time, and then the Italian went back to bed.

He asked one of the seamen in the opposite bunk if he knew what Kavanagh was remarking. "He has asked me a lot of questions. I think he must be after me." Later in the morning Kavanagh, along with Dixon and other passengers, were sitting talking on the deck when the Italian passed them. Kavanagh nodded to him, and when the Italian nodded back he seemed very excited.

OPERATIC STAR'S SUDDEN END.

CREATOR OF MORANO IN "POLLY."

One of the most brilliant artists on the British operatic stage, Mr. Pitt Chatham, died after a very brief illness.

Mr. Pitt Chatham, who was only in his 38th year, before the war had been a European reputation as a singer, and was famous in nearly every capital in Europe, being a favourite in the Court of the Tsar at Petrograd.

When the war broke out he joined the Army and served at Salonika, where he was severely wounded. Though invalided out, he continued to serve in one of the war departments of the Government until after peace was officially declared.

He played the part of MacHeath in "The Beggar's Opera" at Hammer-smith, and later went on tour in the same part. Later he created the part of Morano in Gay's opera "Polly," in which he achieved a great artistic triumph.

He leaves a widow and one daughter, Joan, who recently made her first appearance on the stage in the matinee performance of "Father Noah," given in aid of the British Drama League.

Arrangements are almost completed for the season of Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall. They will begin on Aug. 11, and last for ten weeks. Sir Henry Wood and the New Queen's Hall Orchestra will once more be the principal attractions. Mr. Robert Newman again undertakes the business management.



Mr. Pitt Chatham in "Polly" role.

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Send the card to your home. 12 pieces from 12/6. 24 pieces from 24/6. 36 pieces from 36/6. 48 pieces from 48/6. 60 pieces from 60/6. 72 pieces from 72/6. 84 pieces from 84/6. 96 pieces from 96/6. 108 pieces from 108/6. 120 pieces from 120/6. 132 pieces from 132/6. 144 pieces from 144/6. 156 pieces from 156/6. 168 pieces from 168/6. 180 pieces from 180/6. 192 pieces from 192/6. 204 pieces from 204/6. 216 pieces from 216/6. 228 pieces from 228/6. 240 pieces from 240/6. 252 pieces from 252/6. 264 pieces from 264/6. 276 pieces from 276/6. 288 pieces from 288/6. 300 pieces from 300/6. 312 pieces from 312/6. 324 pieces from 324/6. 336 pieces from 336/6. 348 pieces from 348/6. 360 pieces from 360/6. 372 pieces from 372/6. 384 pieces from 384/6. 396 pieces from 396/6. 408 pieces from 408/6. 420 pieces from 420/6. 432 pieces from 432/6. 444 pieces from 444/6. 456 pieces from 456/6. 468 pieces from 468/6. 480 pieces from 480/6. 492 pieces from 492/6. 504 pieces from 504/6. 516 pieces from 516/6. 528 pieces from 528/6. 540 pieces from 540/6. 552 pieces from 552/6. 564 pieces from 564/6. 576 pieces from 576/6. 588 pieces from 588/6. 600 pieces from 600/6. 612 pieces from 612/6. 624 pieces from 624/6. 636 pieces from 636/6. 648 pieces from 648/6. 660 pieces from 660/6. 672 pieces from 672/6. 684 pieces from 684/6. 696 pieces from 696/6. 708 pieces from 708/6. 720 pieces from 720/6. 732 pieces from 732/6. 744 pieces from 744/6. 756 pieces from 756/6. 768 pieces from 768/6. 780 pieces from 780/6. 792 pieces from 792/6. 804 pieces from 804/6. 816 pieces from 816/6. 828 pieces from 828/6. 840 pieces from 840/6. 852 pieces from 852/6. 864 pieces from 864/6. 876 pieces from 876/6. 888 pieces from 888/6. 900 pieces from 900/6. 912 pieces from 912/6. 924 pieces from 924/6. 936 pieces from 936/6. 948 pieces from 948/6. 960 pieces from 960/6. 972 pieces from 972/6. 984 pieces from 984/6. 996 pieces from 996/6. 1000 pieces from 1000/6.

YOU WILL FIND THE BEST SONGS IN "THE PEOPLE" EVERY WEEK.

WIDE AWAKE WALTER FROM WIMBLEDON WAY

Sung by Miss ELLA SHIELDS.
Written and Composed by HARRY CARLTON and FRANK W. CARTER.

Tempo di Valz.

Piano.

Key G.

1. You won't re-cog-nise me, I know! I've
2. It's strange, but it's none the less true, Last

Dr.

changed my lo-cal-i-ty. My per-son-al-i-ty. Slow-ly, but sure-ly, I'm reach-ing re-al-i-ty!
night I got jol-ided. Quite "Scotch and Poll-i-ded." Real-ly I won-der I was-n't dis-qual-i-fied!

Once I was "Ber-tie from Bow." But since things have prospered, it's so, I'm
Speak-ing as friends, "on-tre nous." There's no doubt I'd man-pled a few. As

quite a new fea-ture, a dif-fer-ent cre-ature, in new clothes re-pled-out, I'm more in-de-pend-ent,
La-dy Fitz-nos-die was christ-nig her pos-sie, She sent for me, ra-ther, to be it's god-fa-ther.

Wide! Side! Reo-len with pride, One of So-ci-e-ty's gems.
Shy! Why! Nev-er say die, Our fam-ly mot-to must be.

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EXTRA CHORUSES.
At the party, quite holo and hearty,
I found myself outside the door,
My eyes were very wary, my hair was off easy,
I thought as they'd arrived in a taxi,
That came the flumky, the saury monkey,
I said, "We've no better today."
I said, "It's a hard run, I've mistaid my cast case,
I'm Wide Awake Walter from Wimbledon Way!"

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Chorus.

Rash! Dash! I get my cash, Straight from the banks of the Thames,
Hot! What! Don't think I'm not, Mus-tard's an ice-berg to me.

Once dis-card-ed, now I'm re-gard-ed By peo-ple of al-tle and

rank, Don't care one i-o-ta, I dream of my mo-tor, Then

wake up and break fast on cold tea and blos-ter, Then off I rush up, To wash and

brush up: These gifts I re-ceived yes-ter-day. I feel fit and strong-on a

scare-crow no long-er, I'm Wide A-wake Wal-ter from Wim-blo-don Way! Way!

D.S.

Down at Aved, I was the mascot,
The Prince of Wales smilingly said,
"My word, you look topnotch," and hints he kept dropping,
Till I gave him my tailor's address down at Wapping.
Then Lord Macleay said, "What cheer, Steve?"
"What horse do you ride today?"
I answered, "Old Curley, I'm not the pet jockey,
I'm Wide Awake Walter from Wimbledon Way!"

Quite excited, I got trotted,
To Hoxley Regatta one day,
I got on my sweater, to walk it the better,
My car had catarrh in its old carburettor!
Then Lord Macleay exclaimed, "How do, sir,
"And here's Mrs. Fairbanks today!"
I pulled her poodle, and said "I'm not Druggie,
I'm Wide Awake Walter from Wimbledon Way!"

NEXT WEEK:—The Popular Song, "YES! WE HAVE NO BANANAS."

RANKER OFFICERS SEE LORD DERBY.

A FORWARD MOVE. WAR SECRETARY AND THEIR CLAIM.

(Special to "The People.")

A deputation of Army-pensioned-ranker-officers and of M.P.s was received by Lord Derby at the House of Commons to represent to the War Secretary the hardship experienced by the pensioned officers in being relegated, after the war, to their former warrant or N.C.O. status for pension, and with no award for services rendered as officers.

The deputation was led by Colonel Sir Arthur Holbrook, and with him were Dr. Macnamara, Major-General Sir Robert Hutchingson, Colonel Woodcock, Major Ruggles-Brise, and Captain Erskine Bolst.

The representatives of the officers were Captain W. T. Perkins and Captain F. D. Bone.

Lord Derby displayed keen interest in the statements made by the speakers. These, together with a document handed in, are now receiving his personal consideration. The result will be made known later.

This is probably the first time in the history of the Army that the Secretary of State has received, under such conditions, representatives of an organized body of retired soldiers who are smarting under what they believe to be official parsimony.

After more than three years of fruitless endeavour to obtain an impartial investigation of their claim to the status and retired pay of their commissioned rank, it was an achievement to obtain, at long last, a hearing from the man who is in a position to take personal action—and of this the officers are highly sensible.

During the past fortnight nearly a thousand letters have been received by the secretaries of the body of the 2,500 officers affected. A very large proportion of these were written by officers who had read previous statements in "The People."

There appears to be every reason to believe that these 2,500 Army-pensioned-officers, who range in rank from brigadier to lieutenant, will remain united until the last of the old brigade obeys the Last Post.

It has been suggested that this old brigade shall be reinforced by that other and larger brigade composed of Army-ranker-officers who received permanent commissions and were demobilized shortly after the war ended.

It is estimated that, all told, there were 50,000 ranker officers in the war, and that 95 per cent. received retired pay or gratuity in lieu. Some of these have already contributed to the funds of the pensioned-rankers, and there is undoubtedly a very strong bond of union among them.

The desire for a Rankers' Club, in which these old comrades can meet in London, is as keen as ever, and there is no insuperable reason why they should not have it.

COURT BABY SHOW.

PARENTS IN PRAM RACE CHARGE ACQUITTED.

Defendants' family of sturdy little boys was paraded before the jury at Brighton Quarter Sessions when the case against Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, of Manchester, in connection with the pram march, was dismissed.

The jury took over an hour to decide that no danger to the health of the defendants' baby had been caused; but they added a rider condemning contests in which children are likely to be in danger of injury.

Mr. Edwards said that during the 14 hours of the walk his wife spent three hours in attendance on the baby.

HOW I CROSSED THE ATLANTIC FOR NOTHING

NETLEY EVELYN LUCAS, a youth of 20, who, after a public school education, satisfied his love of adventure by the most daring of frolics, and is now in prison, makes further amazing confessions to-day in the second instalment of his life story, written exclusively for "The People."



THE biggest haul I've ever been after was £15,000, which I was to share with a confederate. The scheme failed, unfortunately, but my plans to get it may be of interest.

The chap I was going to work it with was employed by a foreign bank's branch in London. He often had to convey large sums to other banks—often as much as £25,000 in cash.

I met him in the West End one night, and after taking him round the night clubs, etc., and getting him long for "life," put it to him to clear out with the next large sum that came into his hands. After a great deal of persuasion he consented and told me on the following Wednesday—four days' time—he would be taking the monthly payment to a certain bank. The sum was anything from £10,000 to £15,000.

I soon got ready for our get-away. I obtained two passports and also got two tickets for travel by air to the Continent. I had everything arranged, including a car to take us to the air depot, and made an appointment to meet my confederate. I waited, but he did not turn up, so I phoned him and asked him to meet me. I then found that he had funked the job at the last moment, and no amount of persuasion could make him change his mind.

After My Release.

The following is an account of what happened to me after my release from Wormwood Scrubs last September. For a time I worked for a literary agent, but after forging a cheque for £2 I packed up and cleared out, becoming a wanted man "on the run."

Meeting an old crook pal, we decided to join forces, and went down to Windsor to "prospect" a job. After walking some miles we saw a likely "crib," and while prospecting outside, discovered a lot of luggage stored in the garage ready for dispatch.

Picking up two large suit-cases, packed and locked, we walked back to Windsor and took train to London, putting up at an hotel near Russell-square. Locked in the security of our room, we opened the suit-cases, and discovered, much to our chagrin, it packed with babies' clothes and nurses' aprons! What a "sell!" Well, we had to make the best of a bad job, so we sold the stuff for a couple of pounds, keeping the suit-cases.

Next day, as I did not feel at my ease in London, we moved to Bedford, a town I was well acquainted with, as I spent six years at school there.

In the evening my pal did a "job." Apparently all did not go as well as it should, because he had to leave the town hurriedly without seeing me, and went to Nottingham. Next morning I was aroused from my sleep by a trunk call from Nottingham. My pal wanted me to join him there. On investigating the state of my finances, I found I hadn't the

fare. Nothing daunted, I went to a motor-car firm and inspected cars for sale. Eventually deciding on a small two-seater, I said I would buy it, but must first show it to my father, who was in Kettering, a town half-way to Nottingham.

Exploits by Car.

The owner suggested (as I knew he would) that we should drive over there in the car. This we did, and I gave him the slip in Kettering, taking train on to Nottingham, having enough money for the fare from Kettering.

My pal and I took rooms at a good hotel.

Of course, we never paid hotel bills. We didn't either in Bedford or in London or later in Nottingham. We stayed in Nottingham three days, but our luck seemed to be out, as we could never find a "job" worth doing.

Resorting to the same device as before, I obtained a Wolseley touring car and drove over to Leicester, where we stayed at a big hotel. Here we "did" a shop obtaining a complete outfit of clothes, and moved on again the next day to Rugby, also by car. Here a certain amount of jewellery and several pounds in gold came our way. Next day we continued our journey, also by car, to Northampton. Then we entrained for London, and after disposing of our spoil to our "fence," found we had not done so badly by our Northern and Midland tour.

Later on we packed our bags and went to Hastings, a town I know quite well. We stayed at a first-class hotel. After dinner we started out to look for "business." The front being nearly all boarding-houses, we did not do so badly; but wishing to do things in better style, I got in touch with a motor firm and succeeded in getting a large limousine on hire "tick." This being always in attendance made things easier as we could drive over to Bexhill and Eastbourne and other places, steal jewellery, etc., from hotels, and then roll back in our limousine to Hastings.

It was "crime de luxe," I can assure you; and remember, we were both boys.

But things were beginning to get "hot," and we had several hundred pounds' worth of stuff to get rid of, so we decided to return to London. We packed our suit-cases, and my pal tried to walk out of the hotel with them; but the manageress was too sharp. She demanded payment of the bill before she would allow us to go. The bill was a large one as we had had champagne and a suite of rooms.

We were very short of cash, but I managed to get the manageress to take a gold watch (part of our booty) as security until I could send the money. She accepted this as the only way out of the matter, and we proceeded to the station.

But our troubles were not over yet. We were just purchasing our tickets when three men from the motor-hiring firm collared us and took us before their manager. But our savior failed did not desert us, and we overcame this difficulty, and boarded the train for London, but minus our luggage, which we had had to leave as security with the motor firm. However, we had our "swag" with us in our pockets. We did not travel right to Charing Cross, but got out at a suburban station and took a "bus" into Central London, where we disposed of our "swag" at the usual source.

We now held a council of war. What should we do? I suggested going across to the States, and expounded a scheme whereby we could do so first class without any passport or money being required.

We decided to adopt this plan, and entrained for Liverpool.

I obtained a permit for us to look over a popular liner on the plea that we were prospective passengers. The liner was sailing the next day. We went on board, and when no one was looking we entered a stateroom and hid under the bunk.

That night we slept on board the vessel, and next morning, when the passengers began to come aboard, we went on deck and mixed with them.

Ocean tickets, of course, are examined on the quay before crossing the gangway; passports are, too. Well, when all the passengers were on board, the dinner bugle sounded, and we went into the saloon and were allotted a table without any production of tickets being necessary. These seats we were requested to keep for the rest of the voyage.

Night in a Boat.

So far so good. When night came we were going to our cabin, when we were stopped by a stewardess, who said that the cabin we had chosen was in the women's section. We pretended we had lost our way, went on deck again, and found that it was impossible to get into an empty cabin, all being locked. So making the best of a bad job, we went up on the boat-deck, and wrapping our overcoats round us, spent a shivering night in one of the boats.

Next morning, as soon as it was safe, we retrieved our suit-cases from the women's section and then had a look round for a vacant cabin unoccupied. In this we were unlucky, but later we succeeded in unlocking a cabin, and were thus O.K. for a stateroom for ourselves for the rest of the voyage, as we could step in in the evening and lock ourselves in. So far we had overcome all difficulties.

Being youthful, I began to cast my eyes over the younger members of the fair sex who were on board. Sitting in the lounge after dinner one evening, I encountered the R.S.V.P. eyes of a

The Most Daring Exploit of Public School Boy who turned Crook.

He tells of a £15,000 coup that failed, and describes how he travelled first-class across the Atlantic without money and minus a passport—probably his greatest achievement in effrontery and ingenuity.

In Canada Lucas had many adventures and, as a burglar and a thief, made some big hauls.

very pretty girl. It was not long before we got into conversation.

She was returning to her people in Toronto, Ontario, having been on a visit to her grandparents in the Old Country. Her father owned a large fur business near Winnipeg.

We soon became quite good friends and even indulged in a mild flirtation, as is customary on an ocean voyage.

We danced together, played deck games together, and sat out on deck together to enjoy the moonlight. Several times I was on the point of proposing to the girl; but I feared to be too premature and decided to wait until I should visit her at her home in Canada.

At Halifax.

The liner arrived at Halifax late in March. The first sight I got of Canada was not exactly exciting. Everywhere there was snow and ice. It was bitterly cold. We entered Halifax Harbour at 1 p.m., and then had to anchor while we passed the quarantine officer. Everything being O.K., we were towed alongside the quay, and then disembarked began.

Now came the crucial moment. We stationed ourselves at the gangway and watched what happened as passengers were across. Apparently all they did was to show the envelope which covered their landing-cards.

Going further down the deck, we gave two emigrants a dollar each for their envelopes. My pal and I then walked boldly over the gangway, showing the empty envelope. So far, so good, but we were not out of the wood yet.

When we got ashore we were conducted into a large room in which were immigration authorities. There was no retreat, and the only way out was past these officials. We decided to wait and watch.

Suddenly an official requested all passengers proceeding to the United States by rail to follow him. Hoping that this was a way out, we followed him, and were taken to the U.S. Immigration office and put into a room to await the medical examination.

We did not wait, however, but climbed out of the window on to the quay.

At last we were safe and free in Canada! But finances were extremely low. We had just over five dollars (Canadian) between us. We decided to "jump" the emigrant train that was leaving at 7 p.m. with the liner's passengers for Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg.

We had no tickets, and made up our minds to chance our luck.

Soon after the train had started, tickets for the first stop (Montreal) were collected. The collector came down the car, and we thought it was all up with us. But to our astonishment the collector actually passed us, as if he didn't notice us, although he collected the man's ticket opposite to us.

"Drumming."

Early on the Tuesday morning we arrived at Montreal, and there left the train. Although it was the small hours of the morning, there was still plenty of life—trams going, cabs open. But then Montreal is two-thirds French, and is exactly like a Continental city.

We were more or less down and out—in fact, we hadn't the price of a bed between us. We decided to go out "drumming," which is creeping into houses where the front door is open, creeping upstairs and stealing anything that may be handy. "Drumming" is a very risky game, and requires a good deal of nerve. Still, it was a case of Hobson's choice with us.

So out we sallied. My pal took one side of a street; I took the other. For hours our luck was dead end, but eventually I succeeded in getting a travelling-bag, full of clothes, and four dollars, and my pal got 11 dollars in cash.

An Exploded Theory.

Being in funds once more, we moved from our obscure little hotel to one of the best in Montreal. We also bought some smart clothes. During our first night at the swell hotel my pal cleared out, taking all my clothes and practically all my money, as well as his own.

"Honour among thieves" is an exploded theory. My pal and I had gone round England together, and I had shown him all the ropes, we'd crossed the Atlantic together, and now he must needs do his pal down.

I discovered next morning he'd gone south to the United States and New York. Without luggage he would be able to cross the border without a passport.

In Maine there is a town which stands half in Canada and half in the United States. It is divided by a river, and there was no supervision on the bridge from one side to the other. I got out at the Canadian side, walked over the bridge, and remained for New York on the U.S. side.

Simple, isn't it? And yet it takes three weeks of red tape for a British-born subject to get a Canadian passport to the States.

After my pal's departure I had just enough money to get to Toronto, the English city of Canada. Needless to say, I had to leave my Montreal hotel without paying my bill.

Netley Evelyn Lucas.

Next week Lucas will tell of further exploits in Canada and of his adventurous journey home.

FINANCE FOR THE PEOPLE. MARKETS DEPRESSED BY MANY ADVERSE FACTORS.

(By Our City Representation.)

Unfavourable factors affecting the stock markets, which have hitherto been more or less ignored, have assumed an appearance of increasing gravity during the past week, and as a consequence, heavy liquidation has been in progress, causing general depression.

In the first place, Anglo-French relations in connection with the occupation of the Ruhr and the general question of reparations have become a cause of considerable anxiety, while a recrudescence of labour unrest, as is known by the dockers' strike, and the proceedings at the National Union of Railwaymen's congress, has been another adverse influence.

In addition, the increasing dearth of money has served to accentuate the general weakness, although the advance in the Bank Rate on Thursday was welcomed in some quarters as putting an end to uncertainty.

THE OUTLOOK.

With regard to the outlook, it is impossible to take a very encouraging view, and while the genuine investor can afford to ignore minor fluctuations and wait until the clouds roll by, the position of the speculator is not a happy one, indications at present all pointing to a further decline in values before bedrock is reached.

The most marked weakness has been in the gilt-edged market, and much of the selling is attributed to American account. In other markets the tendency has been all one way, namely, downwards. One bright feature has been a modest recovery in Oil shares, the existence of a big bear account in this market proving a very helpful factor in a time of need.

"UNDERGROUND" INTERIM DIVIDENDS.

At this season of the year it was customary in the past for the leading railway companies to make known what, if payment had not been made, it was intended to pay to shareholders on account of the earnings between January and June. Much interest was taken by both investors and speculators in prospects, and frequently movements in market prices were considerable. Now, with all the main lines merged into four, under the Railways Act, we are to be robbed of the old excitement, and it will be more difficult to tell, until the end of the year, how the railways have fared.

We still have the London tube and "bus" transport results to interest us, and it is good to note that, in face of difficulties attaching to poor trade and its effect upon passenger traffic, and in spite also of increased competition on the ground level, none of the undertakings were considered. "Underground" has done worse, while some have done better, during the past half-year. The dividends, it will be noted, are of sufficiently small dimensions to make it clear that there is no prospecting in this branch of business.

Electric Income Bonds are paid 3 per cent. free of tax, which is at their full rate and is one per cent. more than a year ago, while the London General Omnibus gets 4 per cent. free of tax, which is up 1 per cent., and both London Electric Omnibus and London General Omnibus are at the same rates as a year ago.

As twelve months ago, Associated Equipment results do not justify the declaration of a dividend. Central London Undivided and Preferred Ordinary get 2 per cent., and on the Ordinary stock of the District Railway 1½ per cent. is paid. All these are at the same rates as a year ago.

SPINNERS AND PONDS REPORT.

For the fourth year in succession shareholders in Spicers and Ponds are to receive a dividend of 12½ per cent., but while the distribution is unchanged the results for the year to the end of March last are appreciably better than those of the preceding period. Trading profit comes out at £155,500, against £145,748. After providing for debenture interest, etc., and adding the amount brought in—£132,388, £287,888 is again placed to reserve, making that fund £120,000, and the carry forward is increased by over £5,000 to £125,349, subject to corporation profits tax.

Notwithstanding the expansion in trading, stocks were materially lower, and the financial position of the undertaking has become more liquid. The shares are quoted at 27s. 6d., at which they yield 9 per cent., and are a good commercial investment.

GENERAL ELECTRIC INCREASED PROFITS.

The report of the General Electric Co. for the year to March 31 makes a highly satisfactory showing, and the results are even better than would appear on the first glance, seeing that the bulk of the profits accrued during the second half of the year, business during the first six months having been seriously interfered with by the engineers' strike. Net profit advanced from £56,552 in 1921-22 to £751,456, but as the amount brought in was much smaller, the available balance is only up from £214,675 to £268,510. The Ordinary dividend is unchanged at 5 per cent., but an increased allowance is made for depreciation, and the total distributable balance (before tax) is carried forward, as compared with £217,024 brought in.

WELSBACH'S IMPROVED RESULTS.

Although the protection afforded by the Safeguarding of Industries Act was to a large extent offset by the depreciation of German and other Continental currencies, distinctly better results were achieved by the Welsbach Light Co. last year. The report to the end of March last shows a trading profit of £8,883, against £6,488 for the previous year, while in addition, there was a profit of £12,002 on the realisation of investments and debenture stock redemption, bringing the net profit up to £26,367, against £9,725 for 1921-22. The dividend of 5 per cent. is unchanged, but shareholders are to receive a bonus of 2 per cent., making the total distribution 7½ per cent., £7,520 is placed to reserve, and there then remains £17,945 to be carried forward, as compared with £15,412 brought in. The shares are quoted at 15s., at which they yield 10 per cent. to the purchaser.

SOME GOOD SOUTH AFRICANS.

There is no lack of confidence that later on prices in the South African Mining department will rise. The country itself is doing much better, while it supports from the Cape has been small, so has liquidation from that quarter, although some of the banks are lessening their loans just now, and this means a certain selling movement. Falls in prices that have taken place recently are to be attributed to the upset of European conditions by the reparations difficulties and their effect upon the exchanges.

It is impossible to say that quotations will not sag in the near future, but, as has been pointed out here more than once, conditions affecting the industry are such as to encourage the hope of a

turn in the share market before very many months are past. Working costs are a good deal lower than they were, and the companies may be relied upon to make good any shortfall there may be as a result of declining gold prices. Some of the best shares afford yields which even now suggest that they could be bought without causing uneasiness, and certainly might be purchased a little later if prices are lower. Among the favourites are Crown Mines. This company has just published the best of the "Corner House" returns for June, with a profit of £23,160 against £28,650 for May. The company has extended its areas, while there are other good points in the position. The shares are of ten shillings each, quoted in the market at 2½. Last December's dividend was 35 per cent., and this June's 27½ per cent., and the shares are among the most promising in the group.

New Modderfontein declares profits for the past month at £140,570, showing a drop of £12,000, but this is taken to be a temporary experience. The 10s. shares stand in the market at 24, or thereabouts, and should yield 12½ per cent., assuming the maintenance of recent dividends. Good developments are expected. City Deep shares, which are of £1 each quoted at 2½, to yield 14½ per cent., and sub Nigel £1 each, to yield 14½ per cent., which 7½ per cent. per annum is paid, are others that may be mentioned as likely purchases.

Marconi International Marine—Dividend 7½ per cent., making 12½ per cent. for the year, against 10 per cent. for 1921.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COLLIER. The company is in ordinary dividend for last year, and while we think the preference shareholders have a claim, we think the company is in a position to pay a dividend for the year 1922-23. The position of the company is not, and it will probably have to be decided by the shareholders. The company is not likely to be affected. We think there is a good chance of a dividend being paid to shareholders. The whole of the assets, including the claim of the creditors, were required to meet the claims of the creditors.

COMPANY MEETINGS.

ODHAMS PRESS LTD.

The Company's Improved Prospects.

The third annual general meeting of Odhams Press, Ltd., was held at the Hotel Cecil, Strand, W.C., Lieut.-Col. W. Grant Morden, J.P., M.P., chairman of the company, presiding.

The chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, recalled that the company was formed in 1912 to amalgamate the old-established printing business of Odhams, Ltd., with "John Bull," and it was deemed essential to the welfare of that paper that its editor and founder, Mr. Bottomley, should be retained.

When, subsequently, Mr. Bottomley was held responsible for the losses of thousands of people through the "John Bull," that naturally had a serious effect upon "John Bull," and the problem before the directors had been to save and rehabilitate the journal which was one of the most important profit-earning assets of the company.

Steps had been taken to convert the paper from a personal one to an impersonal one while continuing its policy of outspoken and independent criticism, and the paper had numbered during the past year among its contributors some of the greatest men in the country. The success hoped for had been attained and today the net sales were well over 200,000 copies per week, and the paper occupied the gratifying position of having the largest circulation of any twopenny weekly periodical in the world.

The machines in the printing department were busier than they had been for some years past. The Borough Hill Pressing section of the business had been considerably developed. The purchase of the share capital of Messrs. Dean and Son, owners of "Debbett's Peasage" and of the world-wide toy books, was made at the end of 1921, and indications pointed to a satisfactory year for that branch.

The earnings of "The Sporting Life" continued to be satisfactory. The year had been one of exceptional difficulties, but the directors felt that they had now overcome those difficulties, and that there was every indication of the business reaching the profit-earning position which it formerly enjoyed, when they could look forward to the resumption of the payment of dividends.

NEW £30,000 COMPETITION.

At the Nineteenth Annual Meeting of Estates Control, Limited, the Chairman, Sir George Lawson, M.P., after dealing with the company's accounts, referred to a matter which he felt sure would be of interest to many voluntary hospitals throughout the country. An Association had been formed under the name of the British Charity Association, with a view to running competitions and securing any profits therefrom for the benefit of hospitals and other charities. The first of these would be a prize scheme in which there would be a first prize of £12,000, and in all £30,000 worth of prizes. The prizes were to be guaranteed by the British Charity Association, and the cost of an extensive publicity campaign.

A special feature of the scheme would be that tickets would be supplied absolutely free to recognised voluntary hospitals on condition that they were issued only to those who gave not less than 5s. to the hospital. In this way the whole of the money collected by the hospitals could be retained by them, without any deduction for competition expenses or prizes.

"Which are the best Royal posters?" would be the subject of the competition, and as these Royal posters had a view to public attention for over a quarter of a century, there would be considerable interest evoked in deciding the order of their popularity.

EXPLORING THE THAMES.

To the average Londoner the banks of the Lower Thames are practically unexplored, and the "voyage of discovery" made by our representative on the "Golden Eagle" at the invitation of the General Steam Navigation Company proved particularly interesting. It was well worth devoting one day to learn of the greatness of the sea-borne traffic of the Empire and the wealth of the banks of London's waterway. The trip is comfortable and at a low charge.

Messrs. Simpson's (Brighton), Ltd., of 91, Queens-rd., Brighton, are advertising in our columns again this week eight-day jeweller's watches at a very low price—that can be obtained by sending 6d.

FOR SORE, TIRED, TENDER FEET

when they Ache, Burn, Smart, Swell, Blister,
Perspire and form Corns or Callouses,

ALL YOU NEED IS A
"REUDELATED" FOOT-BATH

Instantly prepared by adding
Reudel Bath Saltrates to plain water.

You have only to dissolve a small handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a hot foot-bath, and rest your feet in this for a few minutes. Then, Presto! Away go all your foot afflictions, almost as if by magic.

The medicated and oxygenated foot-bath prepared as above has a truly marvellous curative action upon all kinds of foot troubles, immediately relieving them even in their worst forms. Every sensation of burning, chafing, and bruising, all swelling, stiffness and inflammation, any sort of corn, callous, or other foot torture, will soon be only an unpleasant memory of the past.

The medicated water not only cures and prevents foot troubles, but also banishes any muscular aches, strains, sprains or pains, rheumatic swellings or stiffness, eczema, rashes, insect bites and similar tortures. It is regularly used and highly recommended by the following World's Champion Athletes:—

E. C. Horton, Tom Payne, H. V. L. Ross, W. G. George, C. W. Hart, and Jack Donaldson. These men are re-spectively the official World's Record Holders for distance Walking (both Amateur and Professional), long and short distance Running, and for Sprinting. Their success depends upon having sound feet, and they must certainly be regarded as the highest authorities upon means of avoiding any foot troubles.

Reudel Bath Saltrates are sold by all chemists everywhere, prices being only 2s. and 3s. 6d. (wholesale). Satisfaction is guaranteed every case of MONEY BACK IMMEDIATELY AND WITHOUT QUESTION.

Reudel Bath Saltrates, London, N.W.1



THE HOME HEALER.

For all skin disorders
and for minor hurts,
there is nothing more
effective than

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR OINTMENT

Reduces inflammation.
Soothing and emollient,
with all the antiseptic
properties of Wright's
Coal Tar Soap.

Of all Chemists and Stores. Price
2/6 a tin. Also in jars (triple size) 5/6.
If any difficulty in obtaining, write
to Wright, Lymington & Co., Ltd.,
Southampton, S.S.I.

For Railway and Steamboat announcements
see page 13.

The People.

OFFICE: 10, WINDMILL STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.
TELEGRAMS: "THE PEOPLE," LONDON.
TELEPHONE: "THE PEOPLE," LONDON.

THE REAL ENEMY OF LABOUR.

There is civil war in the Labour world; the unofficial dockers' strike is a trial of strength between the Communists and the regularly constituted trade union leaders. The latter appear to fully realise what they are up against; they have picked up the challenge thrown down and ordered their men to resume work on Monday.

Will the men obey? On the answer to that question hangs much more than the merits or ultimate result of the present dispute. What is really at stake is the principle of collective bargaining, which really involves the fate of trade unionism and the most vital interests of Labour itself. The strength of Labour lies in its unity; but there can be no unity without order and discipline. Destroy these and Labour becomes a mere mob, unruly perhaps, but ineffective.

We are not discussing the merits of the present dock strike—it has none. The question is a simple one: Shall an agreement entered into by the men's duly appointed delegates with the consent of the men themselves be honourably observed, or shall it be repudiated? As to the accuracy of the information on which the official index of the cost of living is based there may be room for argument—we are inclined to believe there is, but the point is irrelevant. Moreover, the men made no complaint about it when it raised their rates of pay; they complain only when it lowers those rates. We suggest to them that this is "not cricket."

But the battle that has to be fought out between now and Monday is far more important than the present strike. On the result of it depends whether organised Labour is to exist or go under, whether its leaders are to remain in authority or be displaced by a mob of men taking their orders from Moscow with the avowed purpose of smashing the Labour unions. The contest between these two forces has been preparing for some time; it has invaded the House of Commons, for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, too, has been assailed. The question whether Labour is fit to govern either itself or the nation remains yet to be answered.

WHERE FRANCE STANDS

Mr. Baldwin told a questioner in the House of Commons that no one was more sensible of the danger of delay in the Ruhr business than he was, and we are sure no one is more anxious for a settlement. But France will not give way, and jibs at answering the British questions. Meanwhile, this country grows more uneasy, even impatient. Our sympathies are with France in a trying situation, though it is to be feared she is on the wrong road. We want a settlement of this perilous reparation muddle, but France stands in the way of it—and in her own light.

PALESTINE PROBLEMS.

Sir Herbert Samuel's Views.

(By a Special Correspondent.)

IT is difficult to trace the truth about Palestine. Sir Herbert Samuel, it has been widely stated, has come to England owing to the disturbed state of the country of which he is High Commissioner, and to find a solution of the political paralysis which is threatening to break down his administration.

I met Sir Herbert the other day, and he confessed that he was surprised at the agitation which existed in England over Palestine, as he left it a tranquil country.

There was no cause for anxiety. The only untoward incident was an attack by Arab marauders on a mission to Northern Palestine, in which, it was reported, he was in danger, although he was fifteen miles away at the time.

As regards the boycott of the Advisory Council by the Arabs, the High Commissioner said it was due entirely to the misleading statements which had been published in this country and copied into the vernacular Press, conveying the impression that under the new Constitution Palestine was to be ruled by the Jews. The trouble arises, says the High Commissioner, because of Arab suspicion. The Arabs who were nominated for the Advisory Council—eight of them, as compared with two Jews—were under the impression that if they accepted office they endorsed the Constitution. Before he left Palestine Sir Herbert Samuel assured them that their liberty of opinion would in no way be compromised.

The High Commissioner has been spending a week at Oxford. He will remain three weeks in this country and spend a month in the Alps before he returns to his official duties.

Jews as Colonists.

The country, says Sir Herbert, is settling down under the new regime. Agriculture is developing rapidly; there are good roads and good railway communication. The Jews only number about ten per cent of the population. Commerce at the hands of the old Jewish residents, but the Jewish immigrants settle on the land and are proving excellent colonists.

The Jews come from all parts of Europe, and from America and Canada, at the rate of about 600 a month. They do not enter Palestine as Zionists, but as colonists. They are a separate community, with their own language, religion, schools, and system of town government.

Sir Herbert Samuel directed my attention to an official report on the Government interpretation of the Palestine policy, in which I find the following reference to the Jews:—

"When it is asked what is meant by the development of the Jewish National Home in Palestine, it may be answered that it is not the imposition of a Jewish nationality upon the inhabitants of Palestine as a whole, but a further development of the existing Jewish community, with the assistance of Jews in other parts of the world, in order that it may become a centre in which the Jewish people as a whole may take, on grounds of religion and race, an interest and a pride."

It is not the intention, nor is it the policy of the Government, that the Jews should occupy a privileged, much less a dominating, position in Palestine. There is no prospect that they will ever be a majority of the population. The Government of Palestine protect and safeguard the interests of the Arab population and other minority races just as impartially and jealously as that of the Jews.

Improving Arabs.

The Arabs are greatly improving as farmers. They are taking to irrigation and more modern methods of cultivation. The civil administration of Palestine is paid for by taxes levied on a fair and equitable basis on the whole population.

The military expenditure, which two years ago was ten millions a year, is reduced this year to two millions, and next year will be, the High Commissioner estimates, one million. This is the only expenditure incurred by the British taxpayer. The British Army conquered the country and Palestine is regarded as the line of defence for the Suez Canal.

Internal order is well maintained by a mixed gendarmerie force, consisting of one-third Arabs, one-third Jews, and one-third Moslems and other races. The three work most harmoniously together and give general satisfaction.

RANDOM RHYMES.

The weather being rather hot, the dockers,
go on strike.
I'd like to do the same, it's just the
season for a strike.
I want to see the turnip fields, the men
who till the soil,
To watch along per char-a-banc and sniff
the smell of oil.
Then would I cry: "Let dockers strike,
let Communists go bang,
It's me for the King's highway & a char-
a-banc!"
But I am not so privileged, I'd surely get
the sack,
If once I stayed away from work they'd
never have me back.
These dockers grouse at prices, yet it does
strike me as queer
To hold up ships that bring the food and
so make food more dear:
They make a wage agreement, too, which
gives them higher pay.
But will not keep agreements when they
cut the other way.
These verses may be mixed, but please
remember they were made
While every darned thermometer was 90
in the shade.

TALK of the PEOPLE

By WIDEAWAKE.

Mr. Bonar Law's Improvement.—
The B.E.E. Agreement.—
The Chief Whip not going Abroad.

Mr. Bonar Law at Brighton.

It is good news that Mr. Bonar Law continues to improve. He is still staying at Brighton, and is now able to play golf. He has increased considerably in weight and shows every sign of improving health. The only drawback is that he has not completely recovered his voice.

Mr. Baldwin's Considerate Act.

Mr. Baldwin in the midst of a very busy week visited his friend and predecessor a few days ago. Mr. Bonar Law met him at the station and the two spent several hours together. The ex-Premier takes the keenest interest in the political situation.

Opposition Leader and the P.C.

Last week I wrote that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald declined to be made a Privy Councillor. Commenting on it, the "Daily Mail" said: "We should like to have some explanation of a decision which seems to us highly regrettable."

The offer was made to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as Leader of His Majesty's Opposition, and it was certainly unpatriotic on his part to decline, and almost unconstitutional.

Mrs. Snowden in Palestine.

Mrs. Philip Snowden has been to Palestine and will write a series of articles on the state of that country. Mrs. Snowden delivered an address on Russia in Jerusalem. She is an anti-Bolshevist.

Rail Observation Cars.

One useful development in railway travelling is likely to be the extension of observation cars on the rear of trains. They have been very popular in the few picturesque districts where they have been employed hitherto, but it is now suggested that their use might be very considerably increased even on railway stretches where the scenery may not be very attractive, because even in these cases there is a good deal to interest passengers. It would hence not be surprising to see innovations in this direction.

Dr. Benes—a Great Coach.

Dr. Edward Benes (pronounced Beneah), who is coming to London this week, is the Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Czechoslovak Republic, carved out of Austria and Hungary. He is one of the most brilliant men in Europe. He is only 34 years of age, and it was largely due to his efforts and those of the President of the Republic, Dr. Masaryk, that the Czechoslovaks obtained their independence.

Dr. Benes lived in London and Paris during the war and carried on a most vigorous propaganda campaign, writing both in English and French, and using his influence with all political parties. He was the General Secretary of the Czechoslovak National Council and one of the delegates to the Peace Conference.

B.E.E. and Mr. Wintour.

Members of Parliament—and others—are astounded at the details of the cast iron agreement which Mr. U. F. Wintour had with the British Empire Exhibition. It was entered into in June, 1920, when the Executive of the Exhibition was a small unrepresentative body with very little funds. Mr. Wintour was given all power under the Executive Committee. This Committee was displaced by an Executive Council of over a hundred members. Thus all power fell into Mr. Wintour's hands.

£7,000 a Year.

Mr. Wintour's remuneration was a gift of £2,110 lsa. 6d. in consideration of his entering into an agreement and for purchasing a motor-car, a salary of £3,000, payment of all his income tax, £2,000 a year as a personal allowance for entertainment and for keep-

ing the motor-car. Mr. Wintour was also to be paid expenses when he was absent from London on the business of the Exhibition. It would be interesting to know how much this valuable official cost the Exhibition since June, 1920. The agreement was one-sided as the Exhibition had no power to end it except in the case of Mr. Wintour's death or unless he was absent from duty for six months through illness. £40,000 in 7 or 8 Years.

The agreement ran on after the Exhibition was finished until the Exhibition association was wound up. Mr. Wintour was allowed to take up directorship which did not interfere with the discharge of his duties. It would be a fair estimate to say that, including income tax, it has cost the Exhibition over £25,000 to keep Mr. Wintour for three years, and it has now cost £14,400 to get rid of him except in an advisory capacity for which he is paid £2,000, so that the little bill works out at £27,400 for three years and advice for two years, £41,600. He was paid £2,110 to sign on, £14,000 to sign off, and £21,000 for his three years' work.

The Royal Engagement.

Great interest has been taken by the public at large in the announcement of the engagement of Lady Louise Mountbatten to the Crown Prince of Sweden.

Lady Louise is the second daughter of the gallant sailor who changed his name during the war. He had been well known previously as Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg. The marriages of her two brothers were important and brilliant social events. Lord Milford Haven, her eldest brother, married Countess Nada Torby.

Lord Louis Mountbatten's marriage with Miss Edwina Ashley was doubly interesting inasmuch as the bride was the heiress of the vast wealth of Sir Ernest Cassel.

The Crown Prince of Sweden has been a widower since 1920. He is a son-in-law of the Duke of Connaught. Lady Louise worked as a hospital nurse in France during the war.

Pre-War Pensioners.

Poor Law Pensioners of the pre-war type may be interested—and pleased—to know that their position is being considered, with that of all the other pre-war pensioners, by the Cabinet Committee which is deciding whether it is possible to increase the scale of increases laid down by the Act of 1920.

Mr. McKenna.

The advent of Mr. Reginald McKenna into the Cabinet, which is assured, is none the less likely to cause some heartburning. The chief point of trouble is what is to become of "Jiz." Sir William Joynson-Hicks is now a Cabinet Minister, though an Under-Secretary; obviously it will be promotion downwards to relapse to a mere Under-Secretary of the ordinary type. Perhaps Mr. Bridgeman could be sent to the Upper House, and Sir William Joynson-Hicks would be at home at the Home Office. He has been admittedly a success at the Treasury.

The Ubiquitous Lady Reporter.

Lady reporters are now turning up at big banquets where a few years ago they would have been looked upon as interlopers. A lady was present at the reporters' table at the Dominion Day banquet and was welcomed as a matter of course amongst a gathering of three or four hundred men.

Col. Leslie Wilson.

Little credence is attached to the reports that eventually Colonel Leslie Wilson, the Chief Whip, will be moved by being offered one of the Governorships which will shortly fall vacant in India—that of Bombay for choice. There is a sort of vendetta against Colonel Wilson dating from Carlton Club meeting days, but the Prime Minister has the greatest confidence in his lieutenant and is unlikely to make him a burnt offering to the Party dissidents.

Ladies' Carlton Club.

Dr. L. Klotz, the ex-French Finance Minister, who was in London during the week on one of those unofficial visits during which he no doubt gathers impressions for the benefit of the French Government, was entertained by the Ladies' Carlton Club. He made an admirable speech, full of the friendliest sentiments towards England, but avoided any reference to the present diplomatic discussions or the situation in the Ruhr. By the way, the Ladies' Carlton Club is becoming a very important centre of political activity.

A Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Richard Williamson, a Commander of the British Empire Order, who has been sent to prison for eighteen months on a very grave charge, was exceedingly active during the war. He played many parts. He was a bookmaker, he became an authority on pensions, ran a bureau, and got into close touch with several of Mr. Lloyd George's satellites. He took a prominent part in local life, and, while his office was in Glasgow, lived in the Trossachs and was a Town Councillor of Callander. It now appears that he played a fourth role which has landed him where he is.

Williamson was a wealthy man. He was ambitious of becoming a knight, and it was just an accident that he did not pull it off.

Americans Not Foreigners.

Sir George Perley, former High Commissioner for Canada, in proposing the toast of the guests at the Dominion Day dinner first mentioned "the High Commissioners of other Dominions," then "the representative of the United States," and, proceeding, said "we have also representatives of foreign Powers." The dissociation of the United States from "foreign Powers" was a neat and tactful compliment to Canada's great neighbour.

Precept and Practice.

Few members of the House have a greater religious feeling than the Solicitor-General, Sir Thomas Inskip. Not only does he oppose the Sunday games, but he would not accept any appointments during the past week so that he could attend the Church gathering which has been dealing with Prayer Book Revision. He stands for the pronounced Evangelical point of view. In private life he tries to live up to high religious standards, and there are few who spend less on themselves and do more kindly actions by stealth.

Useful and Ornamental.

The Office of Works is touching up—renovating it would more properly be called—some of the old oak panelling in the Royal Hospital at Chelsea. It used to be the custom to daub this over with all sorts of pigments which quite obscured the worth of the original wood, and now this is being removed. The Office of Works, having the care of all the old National Memorials in the country, is now becoming a sort of Father Confessor to all those wishful to renovate on wise and well-ordered lines. Advice is usually gratis.

Colonial Inquiry.

The Government, it seems, intends to appoint not a Select Committee of the House, but a mixed Committee to consider the utilisation of private enterprise in the development of East and West Africa. Two members of the House, one of whom is understood to be Sir Sydney Henn, will serve on it. It will almost at once begin its operations. A peer will act as chairman.

Miss McKenna.

Miss Kitty McKenna, who was the English hope in the Lawn Tennis Final, and was defeated by Mlle. Lenglen, has, I find, left the service of Messrs. Lyons and Company nearly eighteen months ago. She was formerly a book-keeper, but her interest in sport—badminton and tennis—gradually absorbed her time, and she found she could not combine business with sport.

Marking For.

The Merchandise Marks Bill has passed through Committee and will be law by the recess. Some few changes were expected, notably in regard to the marking of meat, in respect of which the proposals of the Bill, being not quite workable, will probably be modified slightly.

The Liberal papers praise "the Free Trade" opposition to the measure. Never was there such bunkum. The agitation in the House was purely political, because it was thought to provide a good party cry; outside the House it was almost entirely composed of importers—mostly exotics—who make a living for the most part by rendering it easy for retailers to sell foreign goods as British.

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

OF AFTER DINNER SMOKING.

By the Editor.

"It is my considered opinion that betting will never be stamped out, and that further repressive measures would only lead to unrest. I think it would be better to let the question be grappled with in a straightforward manner, and not from a puritanical point of view."

OF the many statements made to the Select Committee on Betting, the above has impressed me particularly. It is the opinion of Supt. Ben Evans, of the Glamorganshire County Police.

I met Supt. Evans before the war, and saw a little of the conditions in which he and other authorities worked, and I was attracted by his good sense and tactful handling of what were often difficult situations.

When Mr. Morgan Jones, M.P., attacked the Superintendent for his remark that "We shan't bet on anything," the member for Caerphilly was more patriotic than pertinent. Betting is a very popular amusement in the Principality both with men and women, and if Mr. Morgan Jones does not know how popular it is, then he does not know the people he represents.

Supt. Evans did not suggest that every Welshman bet, or approves of betting; but he had the courage to say plainly that among the working classes

"there is a latent hostility towards the police who have to enforce the law, and one cannot help feeling that they are right, as the law relating to betting acts as a repressive measure against persons who are poor, but allows those who can afford it to bet as much as they like."

And when Supt. Evans uses the word "unrest" he knows what he is talking about.

The fact that the Matrimonial Causes Bill, which enables a woman to petition for a divorce on the ground of her husband's misconduct, will become law within a few days lends additional weight to the views of Sir Ellis Hume-Williams, K.C., on the question of Press publication of divorce reports. Much has been said as to the harm done by such publicity, but Sir Ellis—who is well qualified to judge—sees the other side of the problem. He considers that the Press already "exercises a wonderful discretion," and contends that "there is a certain class of man to whom publicity is a wonderful deterrent."

I have found Sir Ellis's opinions shared by many professional and other people whose avocations bring them closely in touch with the seamy side of life.

London is full of Americans, and the newspapers are full of America. From the latter I learn that Mr. Henry Ford, the richest man in the world, may be President of the United States next year.

At Detroit, where the Ford cars are made, they are said to be building the largest broadcasting station in the world, presumably for the purpose of enabling Henry to tell the folks where they get off, as his countrymen so picturesquely put it.

But President Harding is not idle. He and Mrs. Harding have gone to the Yellowstone National Park for a short stay, and the Times significantly observes that "they have arranged a tour through the park by motor-car in much the same fashion as ordinary tourists."

Mark the democratic subtlety of it: no brass bands, no star-spangled banner, no *maecenas* (patriotic emblem), no excited crowd shouting "Abraham!" and being clubbed to death by genial policemen. Clothed in the simple dignity of an American citizen the President will move among his fellows and share their innocent enjoyment of the national chewing-gum and popcorn. I should not wonder if he travelled in a Ford car; it is by such masterly strokes that great leaders win the affection and esteem of the proletariat and hand the frozen mitt to their opponents.

Nevertheless Mr. Ford is not an antagonist to be underestimated. I utter this warning with a full understanding of its gravity. His talent for organisation and his skill in the production of standardised mechanical appliances provide him with a sinister power which I believe has not hitherto been realised: what is to prevent him from secretly manufacturing thousands of mechanical vultures, dressed in double-breasted blue serge suits, knobby-toed shoes and soft hats, and provided with horn-rimmed spectacles and cigars?

These *Harbords* would be massed near the polling-stations, and on the day of the election half of them would lure the honest bourgeois out of the way by showing them imitation whisky-bottles, while the remaining *Harbords* recorded votes for their creator in the names of the unsuspecting victims.

It may be objected that Mr. Ford's high principles would forbid him to adopt such a scheme, but human nature is weak, and I feel sure that Mr. Ford himself will thank me for rendering such a plot impossible by thus fearlessly exposing it.

The reduction by the Postmaster-General of the charge for using the public telephones is, of course, a welcome relief, and a real benefit to certain classes of the community. But it has unhappily been the cause of at least one tragic occurrence.

An elderly man, whose name has since been ascertained to be Mr. Tavish, was found in a call-box, apparently in a fit. He was conveyed to hospital, where he remains unconscious and in a precarious condition. Investigations by the police have led to the belief that the unfortunate man put three pence in the box, from force of habit, instead of two.



The Busy Season At The Docks (Broken Contracts—Empty Capboards).

A BREACH WITH FRANCE?

"CRUSH GERMANY" AMBITION LEADING TO ENTENTE RUPTURE.

By OUR DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

THE expected reply from France to the categorical questions addressed by Mr. Baldwin to the French Prime Minister, in the hope of eliciting a declaration of French policy with regard to reparations and the Ruhr occupation, has not yet been delivered.

France was asked just what she meant by the cessation of passive resistance by the Germans in the Ruhr, and also what policy she would adopt if this passive resistance ceased.

There has been a great deal of diplomatic fencing going on during the past week, but no progress has been made. France declines to answer Mr. Baldwin's questions or to reduce its answer to writing.

Lord Curzon has had long conversations with the Belgian and French Ambassadors, but has received no written report. Belgium plays rather a pathetic part in these triangular discussions. Belgium suffers severely from the Ruhr occupation. Its industry is being paralyzed, its exports are falling, but it dare not break with France.

DRIFT MUST END.

Things cannot be allowed to drift much longer.

Public opinion in this country is hardening, and the Government must make some declaration of policy whether it receives an answer from France or not.

Italy is with England, but we are at variance with our French Allies on most vital points. The neutral countries in Europe are waiting for us to make a declaration of policy. The French attitude is simply to sit tight and say nothing.

France plays for time, while the occupation goes on and her grip on Germany increases. In the interests of Europe, England is anxious to reach a definite policy without delay and to convince France that her irreconcilable attitude is not in her own interests.

M. Poincaré, however, is in the saddle and will ride for a fall rather than make any concession. The French get rid of all difficulties and complications simply by saying that they are in the Ruhr and they mean to remain there until such time as Germany pays what France considers her full reparation. France is not a bit interested in what other countries, except Belgium, get in the way of reparations.

In the meantime Germany is heading towards dissolution, and cannot keep up the present strain for long. British opinion is the only reasonable one ever received—should be considered seriously, as it provides guarantees that payments will be forthcoming and checks to prevent Germany pursuing a deceptive policy.

It is definitely decided that Mr. Baldwin must make a declaration of policy before the House of Commons rises on August 3.

A situation may develop in the meantime which will involve a breach with France.

We cannot retreat from the attitude which we have taken up. Mr. Baldwin may make a declaration of policy which will receive the general approval of the whole world, except France and Belgium.

If that event is followed by an appeal from Germany to this country to take the lead in a settlement, the Government will be placed in an extremely embarrassing position. Some of the greatest public men in this country view the situation with considerable alarm.

The policy laid down by Mr. Bonar Law, and adopted by Mr. Baldwin, involves very great sacrifices on the part of this country, but France does not take into account any concessions which we make. Her policy is undoubtedly the permanent occupation of Germany south of the Rhine and the dissolution of the rest of Germany. She wants to see Germany broken up and crushed as an industrial power.

The British Government is opposed to both these policies for the reason that either of them would mean continued economic and social unrest in Europe which would react on this country, and by blocking the way to international appeasement lead to war.

WEAKNESS OF THE FRANC.

Belgian Exchange Rate Reaches New Low Record.

The weakness of the Belgian currency caused considerable comment in the London Exchange Market.

Heavy sales of Belgian francs from Brussels sent the Belgian exchange to the new low record of 96.55c. The closing on Friday was 96.72c., as against 97.55c. the previous day.

The Paris cheque also moved adversely, but French francs did not share in the pronounced weakness of Belgian currency. The latest French exchange is 78.55c.

MAN OF MANY POSES.

FIVE YEARS FOR CHEF WHO PREYED ON WOMEN.

Five years' penal servitude was the sentence at Middlesex Sessions yesterday on John Clarke, aged 51, a chef, who pleaded guilty to obtaining £5 10s. from two Hendon women.

It was stated that the man represented himself as a solicitor's clerk and obtained the money after telling the women that they had been left large sums of money by relatives in Canada and Australia.

Clarke admitted that he had defrauded 42 other people in this way in the provinces and in London, and asked that these offences should be taken into consideration.

It was stated that in Birmingham Clarke posed as a landlord and obtained the rent of several houses.

He had also robbed people by posing as a sanitary inspector.

SOLICITOR'S WIFE FINED.

Shopping Expedition Ends in Arrest.

"I felt very ill and hardly knew what I was doing," said Edith Nott (54), of South Grove, Highgate, who at Marlborough-st. Court yesterday pleaded not guilty to a charge of stealing two pieces of silk, value 12s. 9d., from the premises of Messrs. Evans and Co., of Oxford-st.

Det. Fury, in reply to Mr. P. Robinson (defending), said that accused was in a state of collapse when he saw her.

Mr. Nott, the husband, a solicitor, said that accused had slept indifferently and was subject to faintness.

Mr. D'Eyncourt dealt with the case as one of unlawful possession, taking into consideration her ill health, and imposed a fine of £5, or a month in default.

SUNDAY MUSIC BAN.

Councillors' Strong Protest at Sea-Saw Policy.

Because the licensing justices at Ramsgate have refused to give permission for Sunday afternoon music on the promenade of the Royal Victoria Pavilion, their action was described by Councillor F. C. Llewellyn, at a public meeting of the Town Council, as "grandmotherly."

The Corporation are allowed an orchestra in Ellington Park and a military band on the East Cliff on Sunday afternoons, and they supported the license of the Pavilion in his application.

Councillor Llewellyn, chairman of the Entertainments Committee, protested against the justices' decision and "the persistent manner in which they attempt to hamper private and harmless recreation for townspeople and visitors."

DRAMA ON A COMMON.

Bail was refused Edgar R. G. Wiggett, a solicitor's managing clerk, who at South Western court yesterday was sent for trial charged with attempting to shoot his wife.

Mrs. Wiggett said that while walking at Tooting Box Common accused produced a revolver. She screamed, and a constable arrested the man, who said, "I don't know why it didn't go off. Providence, I suppose, prevented me killing you and then swinging."

BATHERS DROWNED.

HOLIDAYMAKERS TRAPPED BY SWIFT CURRENTS.

Several bathing accidents involving the loss of several lives were reported yesterday.

Two sisters named Hauser were carried out of their depth by the tide at Lee-on-Solent. One girl was rescued by a civilian, but the other girl, aged 13, was drowned, although four flying off was hurriedly put out in a boat in an endeavour to reach her.

Jeane Bingham (9), of Spital Hill, Sheffield, was drowned in the River Idle at Retford.

William Edwin Walker (20), of North-rd., Longsight, Manchester, was drowned in the Avon at Pershore, Worcester-shire.

Wilfred Wray (17), was drowned in the Derwent at Old Malton, Yorks.

THIS MORNING'S LATEST LINES.

Horne Bay has only 15 registered unemployed.

Charged at Southend with shop-breaking, a youth said he forced an entrance with a knife and fork.

Surry County Hall war memorial is being unveiled at Kingston on Tuesday next.

Monks from London monasteries will hold mission services in the Kentish hop-fields during the picking season.

Mr. G. W. Jarrett, M.P. for Dartford, who underwent an operation on Wednesday, was reported yesterday to be progressing satisfactorily.

Mr. and Mrs. George Phipps, of Caversham-rd., Reading, have just celebrated their golden wedding, having been married at Ely in 1873.

Rev. U. G. Ewbank, M.A., Vicar of Langford, Beds., and Mr. Ewbank celebrate their golden wedding to-morrow. Mr. Ewbank has been Vicar of Langford for 55 years.

Sir Edward Elgar, has written a special composition, "Memorial Chimes," which Monsieur Jef Benys, of Belgium, is to play at the unveiling of the War Memorial at Loughborough, by Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson.

Lockhart's New Name. "Goodfare Dining Rooms, Ltd.," was accepted by an extraordinary general meeting of Lockhart's shareholders, in Winchester House, as the new name of their undertaking.

After 5 Years' Silence. Amphilph Guardians have just received a reply from the Ministry of Health to a letter sent eight years ago asking the Local Government Board for sanction to the appointment of a vaccination officer.

Blamed the Heat Wave. Mrs. Mary Griffiths (45), who was fined £1 yesterday at Brighton for being drunk, was found clad in her night clothes waving a pistol and shouting. She told the magistrate that the heat had made her excited and she could not sleep.

Men Who Won't Work. When a number of miners were charged at Sunderland with absconding themselves from work at Ryhope Colliery, it was stated that although work was abundant such large numbers of men only put in two or three shifts each week that prosecutions had become imperative.

Woman's Narrow Escape. A steam-lorry, while backing out of a Grimsby coal-yard yesterday, crashed into the offices of Messrs. Clarke and Co., Ltd., coal factors, badly damaging the building.

Some of the bricks fell on Miss Finch, a typist. The young woman was extricated by workmen little the worse for the experience.

CAMERA BY JACKING BRITISH MADE AT THE... (Small text at bottom left)



The Ideal Cooler: In the water with a drink and protected from the sun.

VILLAGE MORALS.

SPIRITED DEFENCE OF SERIOUS CHARGES.

Public utterances by Mr. T. E. Fowle, of Charlton, regarding the alleged prevalence of immorality in certain Willshire villages have caused a mild sensation.

Mr. Fowle referred to a number of cases which, he stated, had occurred within the shadow of the Church itself.

"A minister told me a few days ago," he declared, "that according to his information about 15 or 20 unmarried girls were about to become mothers in a certain district."

A farmer in this district told a correspondent of "The People" that he knew there were a good many such cases.

Mr. Fowle states that immorality is rife among the old as well as the young.

Many champions are arising to defend the Willshire village girls from the charge levelled at them. It is pointed out that illegitimacy statistics are not necessarily evidence of widespread immorality, and that vice is not less prevalent in many big cities because their illegitimacy statistics are possibly not so high in proportion as in villages.

4d. IN THE POUND.

£70,000 DEFICIT ON BOTTOMLEY CLUBS.

In the Chancery Division Justice Sergeant sanctioned an agreement reached by the interested parties in the distribution of the funds of the Victory Bond Clubs and allied combinations of Mr. Horatio Bottomley.

Subscribers who made claims will receive from 3d. to 4d. in the £.

In all, prize claims were put in representing £791,479, while the funds available for distribution were valued at £18,815.

VOLUNTEER PATIENTS.

L.C.C. AND NEW TREATMENT FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

The campaign against consumption is to be stoutly continued.

The Public Health Committee of the L.C.C. is now recommending a supplemental grant of £3,500 for co-operation in Dr. Dreyer's new method of treatment, and willing patients, it is announced, will be selected for experimental purposes.

Dr. Dreyer's method consists in treating the consumptive patient by vaccines and anti-toxins, so as to deprive the consumptive microbes of their protective amount of fat.

Dr. Dreyer has had great success with his treatment in many severe cases in London hospitals, and the Minister of Health has intimated that he will approve arrangements for the L.C.C. to maintain 50 beds for men, women and children at Hampstead Hospital, and make an Exchequer grant towards the expenditure.

UNUSUAL INQUEST.

FATHER GE'S CORONER TO CALL JURY.

After recording a verdict of "Accidental drowning," Mr. B. Kemp, at an Isleworth inquest yesterday, took the unusual course of adjourning the inquiry and ordering a jury to be sworn.

The inquiry was connected with the death of Sidney Kirby Saunders, 18, of Isleworth, who was drowned in the Thames between Kew and Isleworth. A tug was passing at the time, but the evidence given was that there was no wash and the Coroner said he was satisfied and gave his verdict.

The lad's father was not satisfied with the evidence and urged him to call a lady and gentleman who were in a dinghy near to the scene of the accident.

Mr. Kemp said he wished to give full satisfaction and adjourned the hearing, and ordered a jury to be sworn.

Richard Lewis, tug-master, said he was proceeding up the river very slowly and making hardly any wash. Saunders, in a racing skiff, appeared to foul the bank and fall out of his boat.

Mrs. Ethel McCoy, who witnessed the accident, said there was no wash from the tug. Her son Reginald dived into the water, but could not find Saunders, who had sunk.

Before adjourning the inquiry the Coroner complimented young McCoy on his conduct.

GIRL TYPIST'S DEATH.

WITNESS'S SEIZURE DURING EVIDENCE.

There was a scene at Marylebone court yesterday when Ada Stockall (46), married of St. Edmund's-terrace, St. John's Wood, was again remanded, charged with performing an illegal operation on Marjorie Kinipple, a young typist, and killing her.

The operation was alleged to have been performed at the young woman's home at Highbury Hill, and a month later she died in hospital.

Bertie Frederick Hancock, a bank clerk, who said he had lived with the deceased as her husband for about four months, was in the witness-box when he suddenly collapsed and had to be carried out of court, being so unwell that he was unable to proceed further with his evidence.

Det. Robertson stated that on her arrest accused remarked, "People get into trouble for a kindness to other people."

TO-DAY'S MUSIC IN THE PARKS.

Bands will play in the parks to-day as follows:—Hyde Park: Welsh Guards, 6 to 8 p.m. Hyde Park: Irish Guards, 8 to 10; Royal Parks, 3 to 5 and daily 3 to 5 and 7 to 10.

Greenwich Park: British Legion, 3 to 5 and 6.30 to 8.

Regent's Park: London Fire Brigade, 3 to 5 and 6.30 to 8.

Remington Gardens: Kensington Volunteers, 3 to 5 and 6 to 8.

St. James's Park: Band of the Grenadier Guards, 6.30 to 8.30, and 8.30 to 10.30 on Wednesdays.

St. James's Park: Band of the Great Western, 6.30 to 8.30.

F.A. COUNCIL'S SNUB TO HOME OFFICE.

HUGE CROWDS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

At the meeting of the Football Association Council yesterday a letter was read from the Home Office asking the Council to collect from the largest clubs some details as to the arrangements made for dealing with abnormally large attendances on special occasions in order that the information may be placed before the Government Committee which has been appointed to inquire into this question.

The Home Office, in addition to asking details as to the largest crowd that has attended a football match, the date, the character of the crowd, what arrangements were made by the club (and with what result), also asked to be forwarded detailed plans of two or three of the grounds, giving the entrances and exits, the number of turnstiles, and information as to the space within the ground not occupied by the playing area or the accommodation for spectators, "and any other information which may be useful."

The Football Association Council decided to reply that as the members of the Committee had not had the same experience as members of the Association of the requirements necessary for the proper management of football matches and grounds, they considered they should have a member on the Committee, who would be able to inform the other members of all such matters.

In the absence of such representation the Association considered that it was not reasonable they should be asked to furnish the information asked for.

Mr. Clegg was unanimously re-elected chairman for the 34th year in succession.

CUP FINAL CLAIMS.

The Council discussed the Wembley Cup final also. Counsel's opinion had been taken, the effect of which was that the F.A. were advised that there was no contract between purchasers of tickets and the F.A., and also that there was no evidence of neglect by the F.A. or by the British Empire Exhibition.

Applicants for return of money, etc., would all be given the opportunity of presenting claims, but that would be an act of grace on the part of the F.A.

PROTECTING OUR FOOD.

The Minister of Health has appointed an expert Committee, with Sir H. C. Monro as Chairman, to report where the use of materials for the preservation and colouring of food is injurious to health, and, if so, in what quantities does their use become injurious.

£50,000 ACTION AGAINST BANK.

SEQUEL TO FRAUDS BY A CLERK.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Norwich, Saturday.

Norfolk County Council to-day, by 41 to 14, resolved to take action against Barclay's Bank to recover losses of nearly £50,000 sustained by the Harvey frauds.

Harvey, who was a clerk, shot himself in a garage at Norwich last August after a warrant was out for his arrest. He was known to have been a reckless gambler and to have been living on a scale much beyond his income.

Mr. G. Edwards, a County Councillor, remarked at the time that this £50,000 was living at the rate not of £200, but £2,000 a year.

In moving the adoption of the report of the Law and Parliamentary Committee to-day, Mr. Carr said three eminent counsel had advised proceedings against the bank.

A suggestion by Major Trafford not to take proceedings, but to hold an inquiry, was disapproved.

Mr. Towler was opposed to this litigation, which, he said, would mean spending thousands of pounds in law expenses and perhaps make a bad job a thousand times worse by losing the case.

HAILEYBURY'S WAR RECORD.

Memorial Unveiled to 572 Old Boys Who Fell.

The beautiful Byzantine Cross, in white Portland stone, with a Damascus sword in gilt, which has been erected at Haileybury College in memory of 572 Old Boys who fell in the war, was unveiled yesterday by General Sir A. J. Godley, himself an Old Boy.

The ceremony was attended by a large crowd. General Sir A. J. Godley remarked that whether it was in Salomika, Mesopotamia, or in France Old Haileyburians held responsible position. He had only to mention such names as Field-Marshal Lord Allenby, General Cuffin, General Wardrop, General Copper, General Kirkpatrick, and General Cubitt to make his meaning clear.

Altogether 8,225 Old Haileyburians served in the war, and 572 made the supreme sacrifice.

The memorial was designed by Sir Reginald Blomfield, himself an Old Haileyburian.

P.C. Henry Lovegrove was presented yesterday at Bow-st. with a cheque for £3 for stopping a runaway horse attached to a van in Stoke Newington-rd. The constable was dragged for 40 yards before he brought the animal to a standstill.



There is no need to pay a halfpenny more

EIGHTPENCE only—that is all Shredded Wheat costs you. To pay more is to waste money and gain nothing in quality—for there is no finer food in the world, at any price.

The crisp, easily-digested "biscuits" with hot or cold milk are convenient to serve and delightful to eat. They contain all the goodness of the pure whole wheat grain—all the nourishment the body needs.

Delicious with Fruit.

For these warm days there is no "sweet" more inviting and invigorating than Shredded Wheat with juicy fruits—fresh, stewed or tinned. Ideal for all meals. Serve some to-day.

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Please write clearly.

THE STORY UP TO NOW.

The first part of the story passed in Switzerland, where a dominating Sir Eustace and his sister Isabel, who is spending a holiday there with Col. de Vigne, his wife Lady Grace, and their very up-to-date daughter Dinah, were very much interested in the story of a "broken heart," having lost her young husband after a brief and romantic union, and who, as Mr. Scott, her lame brother, the "heart-breaker" of the story, is her champion and protector, a great contrast to his overbearing brother, Sir Eustace. Both Isabel and Scott are fearful of the mad sister, who is the happiness of the latter, in whom they are deeply attached.

Dinah, whose home life is of a sort of description, is quite carried off her feet by the round of gaieties into which she has been plunged, and yields to the fascination of her aristocratic lover, who is familiarly known as "Apollo."

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"Why not?" he whispered softly. "What does it matter? This is the land of no consequences."

"I can't help it," she whispered back. "It may not mean anything to you. But—but it makes me feel wicked."

He laughed at her with tender ridicule. His arms still held her, but no longer closely.

"Don't be afraid, my elf of the mountain," he said. "I won't do it again—yet. But there is nothing in it, I tell you. And what does it matter if no one knows? Why shouldn't you have all the fun you can get?"

Dinah straightened herself, and passed her hands over her head with an air of childish gesture. He behaved though he had conferred a favour upon her; but yet the horrible feeling of shame lingered. Her mother's most drastic punishments had never humbled her more completely.

She drew herself from his hold. "I feel it does matter," she said, her voice pathetically small and shy. "But—I know you didn't mean to offend me. So let's forget it, please! Let's go back!"

She gave him her hand with a timid gesture, and he took it with a smile that held arrogance as well as thousandth of her distrust. "We will go back certainly," he said. "But we shall not forget. We have tasted the wine of the gods, my Daphne, and there is magic in the draught. Those who drink once are bound to come again for more."

"Oh no! Oh no!" said Dinah. "But even as she said it she felt herself to be battling against Destiny."

In that moment she knew beyond all doubting that by some means of which she had no understanding he had caught her will and made it captive. Kinde him though she might feel, she was bound to be his helpless prisoner at the last.

Yet his magnetism was such that she yielded herself to him almost mechanically as they went back into the giddy vortex of the carnival. Even in the midst of her distrustful uncertainty, she was strangely, almost deliciously happy.

Romance with gold-tipped wings unfurled had suddenly descended from the high heavens, and flitted before her, luring her on.

CHAPTER XIII.

Friendship in the Desert.

On the edge of the rink immediately below the hotel, a slight figure was standing, patient as the sphinx, awaiting them. Sir Eustace's keen eyes lighted upon it from afar. "There is my brother," he said. "We will go and speak to him if you have no objection."

Dinah received the suggestion with eagerness. She was possessed for the moment by an urgent desire to get back to the commonplace. She had been whirled off her feet, and albeit the flight had held rapture, she had a desperate longing to tread solid ground once more. Possibly her companion shared something of this feeling. The game was his, but there was no more to be won from her that night. The time had come to descend from the heights to the dull and banal levels. He divined her wish to return to earth, and he had no reason for thwarting it. With a careless laugh he put on speed and rushed her dizzily through the throng.

To Dinah it was as a rapid fall through space. She felt as if she had been suddenly shot from the gates of Olympus. She reached Scott, flustered and breathless and quivering still with the wonder of it. He greeted her courteously. "Are you having a good time, Miss Deborah?"

She answered him absently. "Somehow it was an immense relief to find myself by his side. 'Yes; a glorious time. But I am going off now. Have you—have you seen anything of Lady Grace or the Colonel?"

"I have just had the pleasure of making Lady Grace's acquaintance," he said. "Are you really coming off now? Have you had enough?"

She passed over his last question, for the wonder pierced her if she had not had too much. "Yes, really. I am going to change my boots. I left them somewhere here, wonder where they are. Ah! there they are against the wall. No, please don't! I can manage quite well! I would rather."

She sat down on the bank, and bent her hot face over her task.

The two brothers remained near her. Scott was apparently waiting for her. They exchanged a few old-fashioned "I'll do my best" and "If I don't succeed, it can't be helped. Rome wasn't built in a day."

Eustace made an impatient sound, and muttered something in a whisper. "No, no," Scott said in answer. "No, that's never with my consent. It wouldn't do me any harm if I didn't do. Can't you take my word for it?"

"You're as obstinate as a mule, Stumpy," his brother said, in tones of irritation. "It'll come to it sooner or later. You're only prolonging the agony."

"I am doing my best," Scott said gravely. "Give me credit for that at least!"

Sir Eustace clapped a sudden hand on his shoulder. "No one doubts that, my boy. You're true gold. But it's sheer foolishness to go on in the same old time that's proved a failure a hundred times in life. Now that we've hauled her out of that infernal groove, don't let idiotic sentimentalism spoil everything! Don't shy at the consequences! I'll be responsible for them."

Dinah glanced up. She saw that for the moment she was forgotten. The light was shining upon Scott's face, and she read in it a certain internal glow, and his eyes were steadfast and wholly calm.

He even smiled a little as he said, "My dear chap, have you ever considered the consequences of anything—counted the cost before you came to pay? No, never!"

"Don't preach to me!" Eustace said sharply.

"No, I won't. But don't you talk to that stry about responsibility to me! Responsibility—Scott's smile broadened and became openly affectionate—" is just



GREATHEART

A POWERFUL LOVE STORY

By Ethel M. Dell



won't go down, dear fellow! I can't swallow camels—never could."

"You can strain at gnats, though," commented Sir Eustace, pivoting round on his skates. "Well, you know my sentiments. I haven't put my foot down yet. But I'm going to—pretty soon. It's got to be done. And if you can't bring yourself to—well, I shall, that's all."

He was gone with the words, swift as an arrow, leaving behind him a space so empty that Dinah felt a sudden queer little pang of desolation.

Scott remained motionless, deep in thought, for the passage of several seconds. Then abruptly the consciousness of her presence came upon him, and he turned to her. She was sitting on the bank looking up at him with frank interest. Their eyes met.

And then a very curious thing happened to Dinah. She flinched under his look, flinched and averted her own. A great shyness suddenly surged through her, a quivering, overmastering sense of embarrassment. For in that moment she viewed the flight to Olympus as he would have viewed it and was horribly, overwhelmingly ashamed. She could not break the silence. She had no words to utter—no possible means at hand by which to cover her discomfiture.

"Little Gipsy."

It was he who spoke, in his voice a tinge of restraint. "I was going to ask if it would bore you to come and see my sister again this evening. I have obtained Lady Grace's permission for you to do so."

She sprang to her feet. "Of course—of course I would love to!" she said rather incoherently. "How could it bore me! I—I should like it more than anything."

He smiled faintly, and held out his hand for the boots she had just discarded. "That is more than kind of you," he said. "My sister was afraid you might not want to come."

"Of course I want to come!" maintained Dinah. "Oh no, thank you. I couldn't let you carry my boots. How clever of you to tackle Lady Grace! What did she say?"

"Neither she nor the Colonel made any difficulty about it at all," Scott said. "I told them my sister was an invalid. Lady Grace said that I must not keep you after ten, and I promised I wouldn't."

His manner was kindly and quizzical, and Dinah's embarrassment began to pass. But he discomfited her afresh as they walked across the road by saying, "You have made it up with my brother, I see."

"My dear," asked Isabel, "how did you enjoy your dance with Eustace last night?"

Dinah's cheeks burned again. "Yes," she said, after a moment. "We made it up this afternoon."

"That was very lucky—for him," observed Scott, rather dryly.

Dinah made a swift leap for the commonplace. "I hate being cross with people," she said, "or to have them cross with me. Don't you?"

"I think it is sometimes unavoidable," said Scott gravely.

"Oh, surely you are never cross!" said Dinah impudently. "I can't imagine it."

"Wait till you see it!" said Scott, with a smile.

They entered the hotel together. Dinah was tingling with excitement. She had managed to escape from her discomfiture, but she still felt that any prolonged intercourse with the man beside her would bring it back. She was beginning to know Scott as one who would not hesitate to say exactly what he thought, and not for all she possessed in the world would she have had him know what had passed in that far corner of the rink so short a time before.

She chattered inconsequently upon the stairs together, but when they reached the door of Isabel's sitting-room she became suddenly shy again.

"Haven't I better run and take off my things?" she whispered. "I feel so untidy."

He looked at her. She was clad in the white woollen cap and coat that she had worn in the day. Her eyes were slight and sparkling, her brown face flushed. She looked the very incarnation of youth.

"I think she will like to see you as you are," said Scott.

He knocked upon the door three times as before, and in a moment opened it.

"Go in, won't you?" he said, standing back.

Dinah entered.

"Ah, she has come!" a hoarse voice said, and in a moment her shyness was gone.

She moved forward eagerly, saw Isabel seated in a low chair, and impulsively went to her. "How kind of you to ask me to come again!" she said.

And then all in a moment Isabel's arms came out to her, and she slipped down upon her knees beside her, into their close embrace.

"How kind of you to come, dear child!" Isabel murmured. "I am afraid it is a visit to the desert for you."

"But I love to come!" Dinah told her with warm lips raised. "I can't tell you how much. I was never so happy before. Each day seems lovelier than the last."

Isabel kissed her lingeringly, tenderly.

"My dear, you have a happy heart," she said. "Tell me what you have been doing since I saw you last!"

She would have let go, but Dinah clung to her still, her cheek against her shoulder. "I have been very frivolous, dear Mrs. Everard," she said. "I have done lots of things. This afternoon we were lugging, and now I have just come from the carnival. I wish you could have been there. Some people are wearing the most horrible masks. Billy—my brother—has a beauty. He made it himself. I rather wanted it to wear, but he wouldn't part with it."

"You could never wear a mask, sweetheart," Isabel said, clasping the small brown hands in hers. "Your face is too sweet a thing to hide."

Dinah hugged her in naive delight. "I always thought I was ugly before," she said.

Isabel's face wore a wan smile. She stroked the girl's soft cheek. "My dear, no one with a heart like yours could have an ugly face. How did you enjoy your dance with Eustace last night?"

Dinah bent her head a little, wishing earnestly that Scott were not in the room. "I loved it," she said in a low voice.

"No one was vexed with you, I hope?" Dinah hesitated. "The Colonel de Vigne wasn't best pleased, I'm afraid," she said, after a moment.

"He scolded you!" said Isabel, swift regret in her voice. "I am so sorry, dear child. I ought to have gone to look after you. I was selfish."

"Oh no—indeed!" Dinah protested. "It was entirely my own fault. He

and went at once to her father's defence. "He sends Billy to a public school. Of course, I—being only a girl—don't come out. And he has sent us out here, which was very good of him—the sweetest thing he has ever done. He had a lucky speculation the other day, and he has spent it nearly all on us. Wasn't that kind of him?"

"Very kind, dear," said Isabel, gently. "How long are you to have out here?"

"Only three weeks, and half the time to go already," sighed Dinah. "The Colonel is a J.P., and much too important to stay away for long. And they are going to have a large house-party. There isn't much more than a week left now." She sighed again.

"And then you will have no more fun at all!" asked Isabel.

"Not a scrap—nothing but work," Dinah's voice quivered a little. "I don't suppose it has been very good for me coming out here. I—I believe I'm much too fond of gaiety really."

Isabel's hand touched her cheek. "Poor little girl!" she said. "But you wouldn't like to leave your mother to do all the drudgery alone."

"Oh, yes, I should," said Dinah, with a touch of recklessness. "I'd never go back if I could help it. I love Dad, of course! But she scares me!"

"You don't love your mother?" supplemented Isabel.

Dinah leaned her face suddenly against the caressing hand. "Not much, I'm afraid," she whispered.

"Poor little girl!" Isabel murmured again, compassionately.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Purple Empress.

Colonel de Vigne once more wore his most magisterial air when after breakfast on the following morning he drew Dinah aside.

She looked at him with swift apprehension, even with a tinge of guilt. His scrutiny of the previous morning was still fresh in her mind. Could he have seen her on the ice with Sir Eustace on the previous night, she asked herself? Surely, surely not!

Apparently he had, however; for his first words were admonitory.

"Look here, young lady, you're making yourself conspicuous with that three-volume novel! I don't want to be conspicuous! I suppose?"

Her face burned crimson at the question. Then he had seen, or at least he must know, something! She stood before him, too overwhelmed for speech.

"You don't, eh?" he insisted, surveying her confusion with grim relentlessness.

"Of course not," she whispered at last.

He put a hand on her shoulder. "Very well, then! Don't let there be any more of it! You've been a good girl up till now, but the last two days seem to have turned your head. I shan't be able to give a good report to your mother when we get home if this sort of thing goes on."

Dinah's heart sank still lower. The thought of the return home had begun to dog her like an evil dream.

With a great effort she met the Colonel's stern gaze. "I am very sorry," she faltered. "But—but Lady Grace did say I might go and see Mrs. Everard—the invalid sister—yesterday."

"I know she did. The thought you had been flirting with Sir Eustace long enough."

Clearer Skies.

Dinah's sky began to clear a little. "Then you don't mind my going to see her?" she said.

"So long as you are not there too often," conceded the Colonel. "The younger brother is a nice little chap. There is no danger of your getting up to mischief with him."

Dinah's face burned afresh at the suggestion. He evidently did not actually know; but he suspected very strongly. Still, it was a great relief to know that all intercourse with these wonderful new friends of hers was not to be barred.

"There was some talk of a sleigh-drive this afternoon," she ventured, after a moment. "Mr. Studley is taking his sister and she asked me to go too. May I?"

"You accepted, I suppose?" demanded the Colonel.

"I said I thought I might," Dinah admitted. And then very suddenly she caught a kindly gleam in his eyes, and summoned courage for entreaty. "Do, please—please—let me go!" she begged, clasping his arm. "I shan't ever have any fun again when this is over."

"How do you know that?" said the Colonel gruffly. "Yes, you can go—you can go. But behave yourself soberly, there's a good girl! And remember—no running after the other fellow to-night! I won't have it. Is that understood?"

Dinah, too rejoiced over this concession to trouble about future prohibitions, gave cheerful acquiescence to the fat. Perhaps she was beginning to realize that she would see quite as much of Sir Eustace as was at all advisable or even to be desired, without running after him. In fact, so shy had the previous night's flight with him made her, that she did not feel the slightest wish to encounter him again at present. To go out sleigh-driving with Scott and his sister was all that she asked of life that day.

It was a glorious morning despite all proprieties of a coming change, and she spent it bravely luring with Captain Brent, and the only glimpse she had of him was a very far one, so far that she knew him only by the magnificence of his physique as he descended the mountain-side as one borne upon wings.

She recalled the brief conversation that the brothers had had in her hearing the night before, and marvelled at the gentleness of Scott's attitude towards him. "He isn't a bit afraid of him," she reflected. "In fact, he behaves exactly as if he were the bigger of the two."

This phenomenon puzzled her very considerably, for Scott was wholly lacking in the prominence that characterized many little men. She wondered what had happened between the brothers, she felt sure. She was glad to think that she had Scott to protect her, for there was something of feminine about the elder brother from which she shrank instinctively, his magnanimous politeness, and the thought of some, indeed, Isabel being carried by it.

The entrance of the latter's reply to the suggestion of the de Vignes recalled to her as she and Billy returned

for luncheon. Would she carry it out, she wondered? The look that Scott had flung at the old nurse dwelt in her mind. It would, evidently be an extraordinary move if she did.

They reached the hotel. Rose and another girl had just come up from the rink together. A little knot of people were gathered on the veranda. Dinah and Billy kept behind Rose and her companion; but in a moment Dinah heard her name.

The group parted, and she saw Isabel Everard, very tall and stately in a deep purple coat, standing with Lady Grace de Vigne.

Billy gave her a push. "Go on! They're calling you."

And Dinah found the strange, and eyes upon her, slight with a smile of welcome. She went forward impulsively, and in a moment Isabel's cold hands were clasped upon her warm ones.

"I have been waiting for you, dear child," the low voice said. "What have you been doing?"

Dinah suddenly felt as if she were standing in the presence of a princess. Isabel in public bore herself with a haughtiness fully equal to that displayed by Sir Eustace, and she knew that Lady Grace was impressed by it.

"I would have come back sooner if I had known," she said, closely holding the long slender fingers.

"My dear, you are woefully untidy now you have come," murmured Lady Grace. "But Isabel gently freed one hand to put her arm about the girl. "To me she is—just right," she said, and in her voice there sounded the music of a great tenderness. "Youth is never tidy, Lady Grace; but there is nothing in the world like it."

Lady Grace's eyes went to her daughter, whose faultless enamel and perfection of line were in vivid contrast to Dinah's harum-scarum appearance.

"I do not altogether agree with you in that respect, Mrs. Everard," she said, with a smile. "I think young girls should always aim at being presentable. But I quite admit that it is more difficult for some than others. Dinah, my dear,

Mrs. Everard has been kind enough to ask you to lunch in her sitting-room with her, and go for a sleigh-drive afterwards so you had better run and get respectable as quickly as you can."

"Oh, how kind you are!" Dinah said, with earnest eyes uplifted. "You know how I shall love to come, don't you?"

"I thought you might, dear," Isabel said. "He has arranged for a sleigh to be here in an hour. We are going for a twelve-mile round so we must not be late starting. It gets so cold after sundown."

"I had better go, then, hadn't I?" said Dinah.

"I am coming too," Isabel said. "Her arm was still about her. It remained as she turned to go. "Good-bye, Lady Grace! I will take great care of the child. Thank you for allowing her to come."

She bowed with regal gracefulness and moved away, taking Dinah with her.

CHAPTER XV.

The Mountain Crest.

That sleigh-drive was to Dinah the acme of delight, and for ever after the jungle of horse bells was to recall it to her mind. The sight of the gay red trappings, the trot of the muffled heels, the easy motion of the sleigh slipping over the white road, and above all, Isabel, clad in purple and seated beside her, a figure of royal distinction, made a picture in her mind that she was never to forget. She rode in a magic chariot through Wonderland.

The road was one of wild beauty. It wound up a desolate mountain pass along which great black boulders were scattered haphazard like the mighty toys of a giant. The glittering snow lay all around them, making their nakedness the more apparent. And far, far above, the white crags shone with a dazzling purity in the sunlit air.

And ever the sleigh ran smoothly on over the white road till it seemed to Dinah as if they moved in a dream. She fell silent, charmed by the swift motion, and by the splendour around her.

(To be continued.)

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Years.

Can now walk outside—A case which
has astonished the neighbourhood.

Below will be found a signed statement which possesses extreme interest and importance for all nerve sufferers. A little more than a year ago a Gentleman who for many years has devoted himself to philanthropic work became acquainted with Miss Ellen J. Baron, of Redcliffe, Gloucester, a lady who had been the victim of spinal nerve trouble for 20 years, and who for 10 years of that period had been helpless. He had personal experience of the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in nerve trouble, and he not only advised the unfortunate lady to use them, but sent her copies from time to time. Miss Baron, as a result of this treatment, can now walk about outside with the aid of a stick, whereas previously she never left the house except in a bath chair. The neighbours naturally are astonished. Below will be found Miss Baron's signed statement.

Miss Ellen J. Baron's Signed Statement:—

"I suffered for 20 years from spinal nerve trouble, and for 10 years of that period was quite unable to walk. Naturally I had treatment, but stopped it every now and then. A friend suggested that I should take Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and four days after commencing the treatment I was able to walk with difficulty, and across the floor. Now I can take walks outside with the aid of a stick, though previously I could not leave the house except in a bath chair. The neighbours naturally are amazed at the results already obtained, and the improvement continues."

(Signed) ELLEN J. BARON.

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